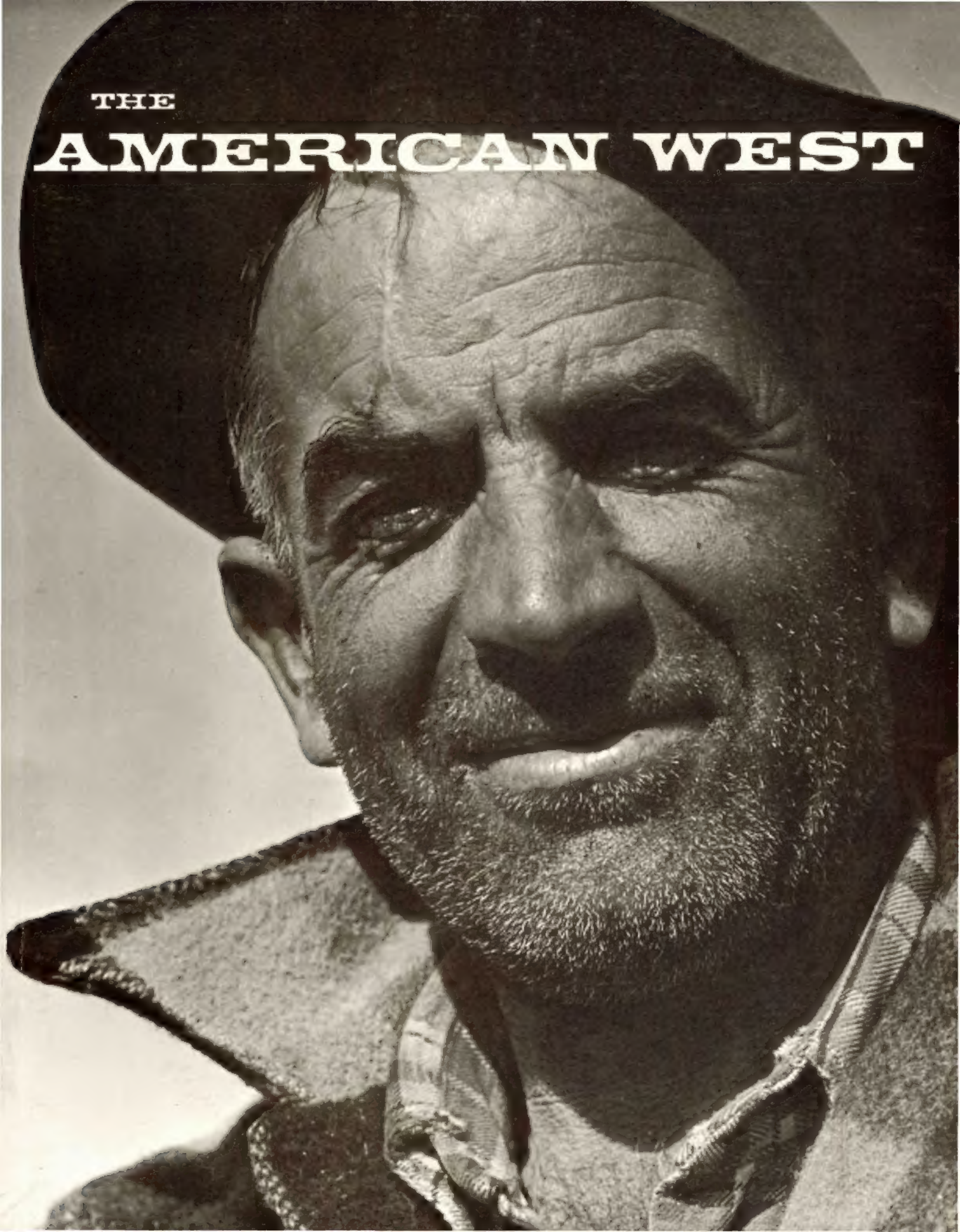
THE
AMERICAN WEST

COVER: *Portrait of sheepherder by Ansel Adams*

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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PHOTO BY PAUL HASSEL
"M. ORTEGA, OCT. 3, 1933, ADIOS ASTA EL ANO"
(goodbye until next year)

Steinbeck's Image of the West

BY WALTER RUNDELL, JR.

Any novelist writing in the realist tradition must to some extent reflect the history of his times. The amount of history contained in his books depends on the degree of verisimilitude he wishes to create, and the fidelity of his history depends on either the acuteness of his observations or the depth of his research. Among contemporary American novelists, Nobel Prize winner John Steinbeck has produced works unusually rich in their historical dimension.

Steinbeck's American novels—especially those with a western setting—have been particularly significant as records of social history. Broadly defined, this social history is history without a predominantly political orientation—the history of plain people, of society as a whole. Its concern is with those factors affecting the lives of ordinary citizens. Its scope is necessarily wide since it can deal with anything making a noticeable impact upon the common man. Since Steinbeck has dealt extensively with the problems of western society, his work invites analysis for its content of social history. This content is reflective of the author's image of the West.

The novels which in one guise or another portray Steinbeck's image of the West are *The Grapes of Wrath*, *East of Eden*, *In Dubious Battle*, *The Long Valley*, *Cannery Row*, *The Pastures of Heaven*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Sweet Thursday*, *Tortilla Flat*, and *The Wayward Bus*. The elements of the social history of the West that Steinbeck focuses upon in these books include the Great Depression, social prejudice, religion, the whorehouse, the automobile, and the influence of ideas.

Certainly one of the most traumatic experiences in the history of the American people was the Great Depression of the 1930's. The effect of this economic nightmare on farmers of the Southwest became the subject of Steinbeck's most powerful novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, published in 1939. This book reveals an intimate understanding of the economic and social pressures at work in the land. The story of how the tenant farmer with a mule was displaced by mechanized "factory farming" is a faithful and compelling history of a sad episode.

The central problem of *The Grapes of Wrath* is the displacement of Oklahoma tenant farmers from their land. Years of cotton farming had sapped the soil of its vitality. As the crop yield diminished, farmers were forced to borrow money from the banks; then with the

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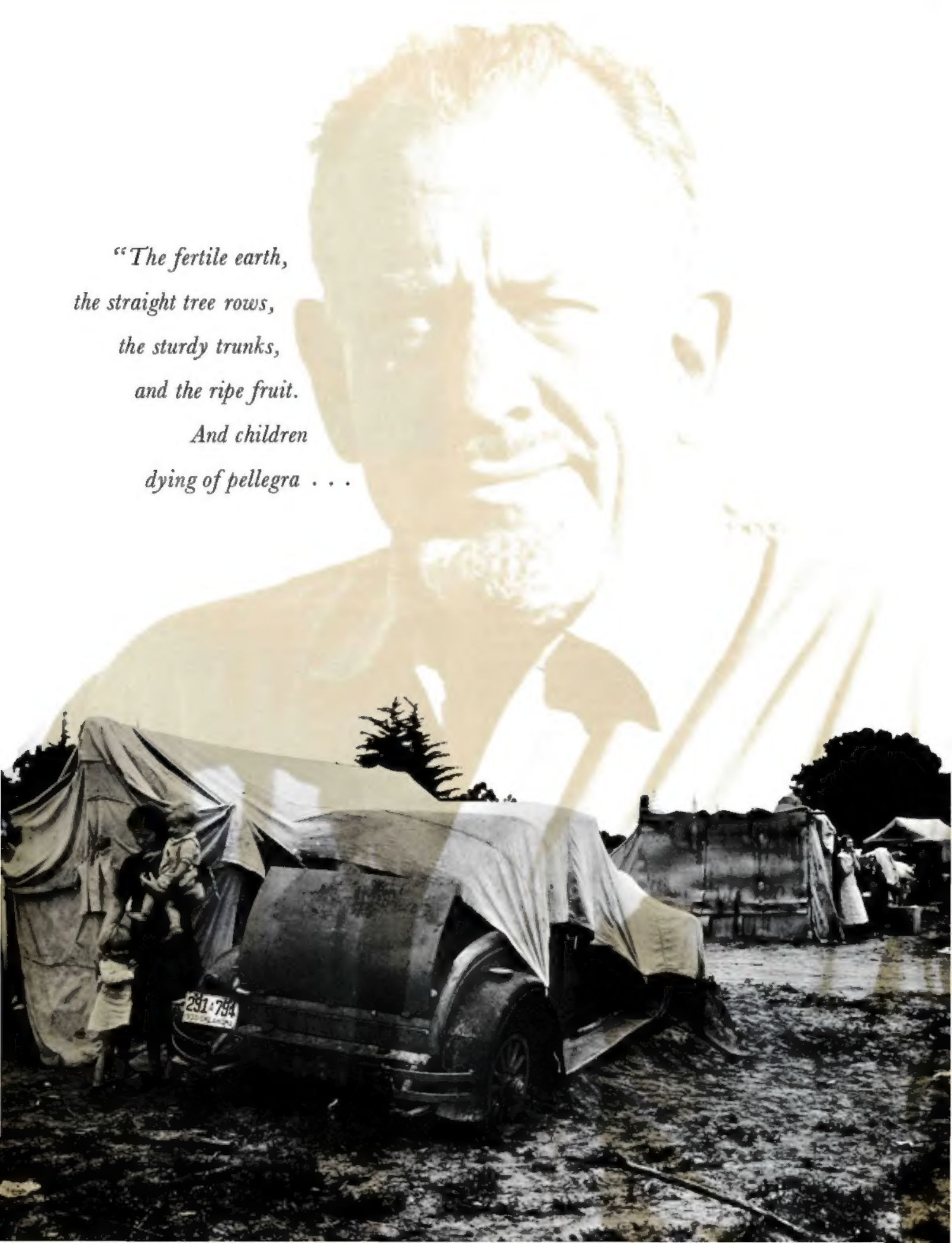
"The fertile earth,
the straight tree rows,
the sturdy trunks,
and the ripe fruit.
And children
dying of pellegra . . .

Dust Bowl and subsequent crop failures, banks had to foreclose on their mortgages and drive the small farmers off the land.

> Sure, cried the tenant men, but it's our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it's no good, it's still ours. That's what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it. (p. 43)

The case Steinbeck presents here is a strong one. It is his purpose as a novelist to present strong cases. The fact that this situation is stirring does not vitiate its historical accuracy. The objective historian, though, is obliged to add a few notes of explanation. The economic revolution that occurred in American agriculture was similar to that wrought by the Industrial Revolution. New methods of mass production in both manufacturing and agriculture resulted in economic dislocations. Those who were thrown out of work or off the land were the victims of economic progress. Theoretically, all society would benefit from the changes, which were inevitable and necessary. The basic American governmental philosophy of economic *laissez faire* had kept the government from making provisions for the dispossessed as the changes were taking place. Those involved had to shift for themselves.

Steinbeck gives a historically accurate record of the suffering of Oklahoma tenant farmers who became the victims of the economic revolution in agriculture. In giving historical perspective to the economic problem is this statement in *The Grapes of Wrath:* "There in the Middle- and Southwest had lived a simple agrarian folk who had not changed with industry, who had not farmed with machines or known the power and danger of machines in private hands. They had not grown up in the paradoxes of industry. Their senses were still sharp to the ridiculousness of industrial life." (p. 295)

Once the banks had moved people off the land, they put their Diesel tractors in the fields. They began farming in big units. They were gearing agriculture to a modern economy. In the process some poignantly human values were being sacrificed as was inevitable when man was deprived of his direct contact with the earth.

> The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, great crawlers moving like insects, having the incredible strength of insects. . . . They did not run on the ground, but on their own road-beds. They ignored hills and gulches, water courses, fences, houses. . . .
>
> The driver did not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He sat in an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He could not cheer or beat or curse or encourage the extension of his power, and because of this he could not cheer or whip or curse or encourage himself. He did not know or own or trust or beseech the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate it was nothing. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor. (p. 45)

When Oklahoma tenant farmers had been bulldozed off the land, they had to have somewhere to go. They would only starve if they stayed in Oklahoma. Tales of the luxuriant valleys of California summoned these simple folk as surely as the Lorelei lured sailors on the Rhine. As if the stories of the fertility of the California valleys were not enough to draw the Oklahomans, the great agricultural owners of California sought to attract and exploit them as a body of cheap labor. In California most farming was done on a big business basis. This highly specialized farming could support a large number of workers only at harvest when it became imperative that an ample supply of labor be available. Owners did not let ethics interfere with their recruiting methods. A common manner of attracting migrant farm workers in the 1930's was by distributing thousands of handbills advertising the need for labor. If a man needed eight hundred workers, he might print five thousand handbills, hoping to attract as many people as possible. When the owner saw that he had assembled far more than the number needed, he was able to bargain against their hunger. He could usually count on enough men being hungry to the point of accepting his starvation wages. The "Okies," as they became derisively known in California, were easy prey for these recruiting methods. They had nothing left in Oklahoma; they might as well go to California where there was said to be lots of work in the green valleys.

After the Okies arrived in California, they became aware of economic injustices other than owners making them bid against their hunger. California land owners were organized so that they could enforce monopolistic practices. They could cut production and peg prices. They were far more concerned with maintaining a cer-

Cotton farming sapped the soil of its vitality. The Dust Bowl, subsequent crop failures, and mortgage foreclosures drove the small farmer from the land.

Undernourished cotton picker's child listening to the speeches of organizers at a strike meeting.

tain level of profits than in seeing hungry people fed. If the produce from a unit of land would glut the market and cause a decrease in the price per item, then the only economically sound thing to do was to keep that land out of cultivation. Prices and profits had to be maintained.

When Steinbeck considers the horrifying lack of social consciousness on the part of the great land owners of his native California, he writes with his greatest power. Here is a thick slice of the social history of America in the Great Depression: Thousands of homeless people were roaming the country without work, without food, without hope. Yet fertile fields lay unproductive because profits were more important than human beings. What were people thinking when such things were allowed to happen?

> The works of the roots of the vines, of the trees, must be destroyed to keep up the price, and this is the saddest, bitterest thing of all. Carloads of oranges dumped on the ground. The people came for miles to take the fruit, but this could not be. How would they buy oranges at 20¢ a dozen if they could drive out and pick them up? And men with hoses squirt kerosene on the oranges, and they are angry at the crime, angry at the people who have come to take the fruit. A million people hungry, needing the fruit—and kerosene sprayed over the golden mountains.
>
> And the smell of rot fills the country.
>
> Burn coffee for fuel in the ships. Burn corn to keep warm, it makes a hot fire. Dump potatoes in the river and place guards along the banks to keep the hungry people from fishing them out. Slaughter the pigs and bury them, and let the putrescence drip down into the earth. . . .
>
> There is a crime here that goes beyond denunciation. There is a sorrow that weeping cannot symbolize. There is a failure here that topples all our success. The fertile earth, the straight tree rows, the sturdy trunks, and the ripe fruit. And children dying of pellegra must die because a profit cannot be taken from an orange. And coroners must fill in the certificates—died of malnutrition—because the food must rot, must be forced to rot.
>
> The people with nets come to fish for potatoes in the river, and the guards hold them back; they come in rattling cars to get the dumped oranges, but the kerosene is sprayed. And they stand still and watch the potatoes float by, listen to the screaming pigs being killed in a ditch and covered with quicklime, watch the mountains of oranges slop down to a putrefying ooze; and in the eyes of the people there is a failure; and in the eyes of the hungry there is a growing wrath. In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage. (pp. 361–62)

The economic injustices of the Great Depression con-

Pea Pickers coming in to the weighmaster

stituted a major threat to the progress of millions of Americans. Their reaction was to try something different because the old system seemed to have failed. When the individual found it impossible to stand alone against the economic forces that shattered him, his natural inclination was to band with others who had suffered. If one could not withstand the abuses of a capitalistic system gone awry, maybe a community could. Perhaps a communal approach to pressing economic problems would work better than the traditional one. When a mass of people, experiencing their first great disillusion with their national economy, began thinking the system needed changing, they became prey to professional organizers. The masses knew something was wrong, and the organizers appeared to know how to set things right. Some of these organizers merely wanted to bring men together to work for their common good within the framework of capitalism. Others with ulterior designs wanted to destroy the whole system and establish a new order of communism. They envisioned America as a link in the Third International.

As Steinbeck traces the plight of displaced agrarians, various stages of social unrest and movement toward communal action are revealed. When the Joads had to leave Oklahoma, they were forced to sell all household goods and farm equipment that they could not carry on their truck. Opportunists flocked into the distressed areas to buy the goods at absurdly low prices. They knew the Okies had no choice but to sell. Buyers got the Okies' goods, along with their collective hatred.

> Well, take it—all junk—and give me five dollars. You're not buying only junk, you're buying junked lives. And more—you'll see—you're buying bitterness. Buying a plow to plow your own children under, buying the arms and spirits that might have saved you.
>
> . . . The bitterness we sold to the junk man—he got it all right, but we still have it. And when the owner men told us to go, that's us; and when the tractor hit the house, that's us until we're dead. To California or any place—every one a drum major leading a parade of hurts, marching with our bitterness. And some day—the armies of bitterness will all be going the same way. And they'll all walk together, and there'll be a dead terror from it. (pp. 97–99)

This feeling of community that the oppressed experienced is a highly significant factor in social history. When any group is united by a compelling cause, be it political mission, oppression, or evangelism, the resulting action can change the course of history. During the 1930's America was rife with the common cause of the economically oppressed and socially dispossessed.

> One man, one family driven from the land; this rusty car creaking along the highway to the West. I lost my land; a single tractor took my land. I am alone and I am bewildered. And in the night one family camps in a ditch and another family pulls in and the tents come out. The two men squat on their hams and the women and children listen. Here is the node, you who hate change and fear revolution. Keep these two squatting men apart; make them hate, fear, suspect each other. Here is the anlage of the thing you fear. This is the zygote. For here "I lost my land" is changed; a cell is split and from its splitting grows the thing you hate —"we lost our land." The danger is here, for two men are not as lonely and perplexed as one. . . .
>
> If you who own the things people must have could understand this, you might preserve yourself. If you could separate causes from results, if you could know that Paine, Marx, Jefferson, Lenin, were results, not causes, you might survive. But that you cannot know. For the quality of owning freezes you forever into "I" and cuts you off forever from the "we." (pp. 162–63)

In *The Grapes of Wrath* Steinbeck is constantly concerned with the possibility—indeed, the desirability—of organized resistance to economic problems. Yet in this novel organized resistance is largely a matter for contemplation rather than practical application. No one in the volume spouts the Communist party line, nor does any action revolve around any member of the party. This shunning of the Communist party's organizing activities in *The Grapes of Wrath* does not mean that Steinbeck was unaware of the importance of the party's work during the Great Depression. In fact, *In Dubious Battle*, written in 1936, is the story of a strike among the fruit pickers in a fictitious Torgas Valley in California led by two Communist party workers, Jim and Mac. Steinbeck's treatment of their operating methods is a violent portion of the social history of the West. The novel demonstrates the methods of field workers. It shows their preference for practical tools over doctrinal instructions. Jim and Mac were empiricists and opportunists. They clutched at any means to carry a point, using the dead and dying to whip workers into line. Even at the climax of the book when Jim, the protagonist, is shot by a vigilante, his friend Mac carries his faceless corpse before the workers to show them how this man died for them—this man who wanted nothing for himself, whose only purpose had been to help his fellows.

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Such a sacrifice was completely justifiable to Mac, since it advanced the Cause. His philosophy was that regardless of the outcome of that particular strike, the Communist position had been advanced. The strikers had become a part of the world revolution. They would not forget their day in that California valley. They would become missionaries and spread the gospel of resistance and revolution. Another beneficial effect of a violent strike was that it would influence employers elsewhere and make them more amenable to the demands of workers. Maltreatment of the strikers was also a good tool for arousing general sympathy for the laborers' cause throughout the country.

Lest any reader mistake the author's intent in this novel, Steinbeck deftly introduces a foil to the doctrinaire Communists in the person of Dr. Burton, who supervised the health facilities in the strikers' camp. Steinbeck uses Burton to show that these field workers were not men who had had the opportunity to analyze the economic and social situation thoroughly. They understood only a few basic concepts, but these were enough to motivate their entire lives. Had these men had the opportunity or capacity for intellectual analysis, as Burton had had, they would have also seen the patent inconsistencies in the party position. The party theoretically advocated a democratic organization of strikers. Yet the party workers would use any means available to influence the voting of the strikers. When necessary, they would resort to violence. The organizers were therefore denying the strikers the democratic process. Had Jim and Mac been able to analyze the Communist position thoroughly, they would have realized not only its duplicity but also its total inconsistency with the American democratic ideal. The party knew no method too ruthless to achieve its goal. The individual could always be sacrificed to the Cause.

Although Steinbeck recognizes the defects in communism, his treatment of the collective idea in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle* is not an unsympathetic one. The economic conditions of the 1930's were bound to carry broad social implications. Apparently at that time, Steinbeck saw collectivism as the most effective and desirable tool society could use to combat economic wrongs.

Steinbeck's awareness and treatment of the reaction of the people of the West to economic conditions con-

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stitute his most important contribution as a social historian and reflect his image of the West with compelling force. Yet there have been many other areas of social history that he has explored. A problem drawing his attention throughout his writing has been that of social prejudice. The type of social prejudice of which he as a native Californian first became conscious was the resentment in the West against Orientals. Both Japanese and Chinese have at various times been persecuted in California.

An episode in the 1932 novel, *The Pastures of Heaven*, deals with the exclusion of a Japanese boy from a social group. Robbie, the group leader of the boys of the community, organized a secret society to collect espionage information about the Japanese, since America was bound to fight Japan some day. Robbie's choosing Japan as the potential enemy shows that he was well schooled in California's war aims. Several times during the first decade of the twentieth century California's bellicosity almost precipitated war with Japan, much to Theodore Roosevelt's chagrin. Robbie's organization fell apart when Takashi, a Japanese-American boy, applied for admittance.

"I don't see how we can let you in," Robbie explained kindly. "You see you're Japanese, and we hate them."

Takashi was almost in tears. "I was born here, the same as you," he cried. "I'm just as good American as you, ain't I?" (pp. 85–86)

In the 1952 novel, *East of Eden*, Steinbeck examines the problem of intelligent and educated Chinese in California society. Lee, the house servant of Adam Trask, had been a student for several years at the University of California. He had a penetrating philosophical mind. With such an endowment, he could feel little kinship with those of his own race, who for the most part were relegated to the status of coolies. Lee had made one attempt to find his niche by living in China. He felt more alien there than in California. Native Chinese took him for some sort of foreign devil. Social acceptance by the whites in California proved equally impossible. Once Lee had tried to assume his place in white society. He had cut off his queue, dressed and talked like others. To the Caucasians he was still a Chinese, but an untrustworthy one. At the same time his Chinese friends shunned him. To inure himself to both types of social ostracism, Lee assumed the protective mantle of the coolie. California whites expected Chinese to be coolies, and as long as they acted the part, there was little trouble. But when a

Chinaman assumed the role of a free-born man endowed with God-given natural rights, Californians looked for ways to keep the individual in his place.

Only once in his novels does Steinbeck seriously consider the problem of the Negro in Western society. Crooks, the stable boy in the 1937 book, *Of Mice and Men*, set in the environs of Soledad, had always been forced to live alone in the harness room, a lean-to off the barn. Ranch custom made it out of the question for him to live in the bunkhouse with the other ranch hands. Years of color-inflicted solitude pressed upon Crooks's spirit. He could not understand why his color should alienate him from the social intercourse of the ranch hands. As a human being he felt the need to communicate with his fellows. Yet his color constituted a stiffer social barrier in California than did that of the Chinese.

Racial problems of groups not easily assimilable into American society because of color have a long history. There have also been occasional flare-ups involving the hyphenates, such as German- and Italian-Americans. During World War I the country became diseased by marked anti-German sentiment. People of Germanic origin were automatically suspect. German-language newspapers were censored, all Wagnerian music-dramas were banned by American opera houses, and state schools dropped the German language from their curricula. Some German-Americans were selected for particular surveillance, as Steinbeck points out in *East of Eden*. In his home town, Salinas, there was a spy scare centering on a German tailor, Mr. Fenchel. This man had bankrupted himself buying liberty bonds to prove his loyalty, but the stalwarts knew he was merely covering up. The Home Guard would not accept him because they did not want any German having access to the defense plans of Salinas! People stopped patronizing the tailor. They even stopped speaking to the man. One night thirty strong men proved their hatred of the enemy by marching on Mr. Fenchel's house. They tore down his fence and burned the front of his home. Such was the lesson for a "Kaiser-loving son of a bitch."

While race prejudice has always been a vicious factor in American history, class prejudice has likewise a lengthy record. Periods of economic depression seem to have accentuated class antipathies. The "haves" hate the "have-nots" because they fear them. Those well off are afraid that if ever the power of the have-nots is organized, what they have will be taken from them. Similarly the have-nots hate the haves. Have-nots feel the contempt of the successful and loathe them for it.

A part of the Okies' trouble in *The Grapes of Wrath* was that along their route to California, they were resented by those with any degree of economic security. Often these folk were the same type of people as the Okies, but they felt no compassion for their unfortunate fellows. This alienation bewildered the Okies. Even filling station attendants expressed class prejudice against the Okies.

> "Jesus, what a hard-looking outfit!"
>
> "Them Okies? They're all hard-looking!"
>
> "Jesus, I'd hate to start out in a jalopy like that."
>
> "Well, you and me got sense. Them goddamn Okies got no sense and no feeling. They ain't human. A human being wouldn't live like they do. A human being couldn't stand it to be so dirty and miserable. They ain't a hell of a lot better than gorillas."
>
> "Just the same I'm glad I ain't crossing the desert in no Hudson Super Six. She sounds like a threshing machine."
>
> "You know, they don't have much trouble. They're so goddamn dumb they don't know it's dangerous. And, Christ Almighty, they don't know any better than what they got. Why worry?" (p. 234)

Once they got to California, the Okies found resentment on every hand. Owners hated Okies because they were soft and the Okies strong. They were fed and the Okies hungry. Storekeepers hated Okies because they had no money to spend. Bankers hated Okies since there was nothing to gain from them. And their own kind, laboring people, despised Okies because they dragged down wage scales.

As long as social and economic injustices have existed, there have been those who have set about to right them. These reformers as often as not have drawn severe censure for their actions. Society often resents those who would alter the status quo, and vested interests cling tenaciously to the existing order. Since America's economy has always been capitalistic, any group seeking to change the system has been attacked. A favorite target in the 1930's was the Communist party. Granted that the ultimate aims of the party in the United States were subversive, the fact remains that its immediate objective was to organize workers and thereby improve their economic lot. Protectors of traditional 100 per cent-Mother-God-Flag-and-Country Americanism were rabidly opposed to the party in its efforts to right economic

injustices. Mac, a principal character in *In Dubious Battle*, warned Jim, the party recruit, of the tactics of the American Legion.

> You don't know what night a bunch of American Legioners all full of whisky and drum-corps music may come down and beat the hell out of you. . . . There's no veteran like the man who got drafted into the army and served six months in a training camp punching a bayonet into a sack of sawdust. The men who were in the trenches are mostly different; but for pure incendiarism and brass knuckle patriotism, give me twenty training camp ex-soldiers. Why, twenty of 'em will protect their country from five kids any dark night when they can get a little whisky. Most of 'em got their wound stripes because they were too drunk to go to a prophylaxis station. (p. 26)

The part that religion has played in American social history has drawn Steinbeck's attention in several novels. His treatment of churches has been a sympathetic one, even when pointing out some of the obvious mistakes and failures of organized religion. Whereas Sinclair Lewis had only satiric contempt for churches, Steinbeck has emphasized their positive contributions to American society. In the Far West, the locale of *East of Eden*, churches were an important influence in setting the social pattern.

> The singing, the devotion, the poetry of the churches took a man out of his bleakness for a time. . . . The sectarian churches came in swinging, cocky and loud and confident. Ignoring the laws of debt and repayment, they built churches which couldn't be paid for in a hundred years. The sects fought evil, true enough, but they also fought each other with a fine lustiness. They fought at the turn of a doctrine. Each happily believed all the others were bound for hell in a basket. And each for all its bumptiousness brought with it the same thing: the Scripture on which our ethics, our art and poetry, and our relationships are built. It took a smart man to know where the difference lay between the sects, but anyone could see what they had in common. And they brought music—maybe not the best, but the form and sense of it. And they brought conscience, or rather, nudged the dozing conscience. They were not pure, but they had the potential of purity, like a soiled white shirt. (p. 217)

A phenomenon that has existed in American religion —particularly in the frontier camp meeting—since the days of the Great Awakening in the 1730's has been the expression of revival emotionalism through sexual relations. Adolescents have been particularly addicted to the release of religious emotion through physical channels. Casy, the evangelist in *The Grapes of Wrath*, used the emotional spells he wrought in his congregations as a path to sensual pleasure. He was not, however, without pangs of conscience.

The remorse Casy felt about his sexual relations with girls to whom he had imparted the "sperit" was the beginning of his rational approach to the Bible. When he tested traditional religious concepts by his own experience and limited learning, he was indulging in what might be called a primitive higher criticism. After Casy had subjected his beliefs to a rigorous examination, he emerged with a religious faith somewhat akin to Transcendentalism. He recognized the innate good in each human spirit and realized that all men were part of the universal soul.

> "I figgered about the Holy Sperit and the Jesus road. I figgered, 'Why do we got to hang it on God or Jesus? Maybe,' I figgered, 'Maybe it's all men an' all women we love; maybe that's the Holy Sperit—the human sperit—the whole shebang. Maybe all men got one big soul ever'body's a part of.' Now I sat there thinkin' it, an' all of a suddent—

I knew it. I knew it so deep down that it was true, and I still know it." (p. 34)

The religious attitudes of various sectors of American society have differed according to the groups' backgrounds. The Okies and other tenant groups of the South and West usually were heirs of the Protestant tradition but subscribed to a highly emotional and evangelical brand of Protestantism. They peopled the "splinter sects." As these farming folk attained a bit more economic respectability, they usually became Methodists or Baptists. Rarely did any farming people identify themselves with liturgical churches. A class in California as low on the social scale as southwestern sharecroppers were the native-born Mexicans, or *paisanos*. The *paisanos* considered themselves pure Spaniards, rather than the Indians they really were. To prove Spanish blood, a *paisano* would roll up his sleeve so the observer could see that the inside of the lower arm was almost white. Being inheritors of the Spanish influence, they were logically Roman Catholics. Somewhere along the line the *paisanos* had lost the zeal that once was the mark of Spanish Catholics. They accepted their church and its liturgy as a routine part of their lives, remaining unconcerned with its spiritual precepts. All told, the church did little to alter their way of living or thinking. Certainly they never chose to think about the spiritual content of their religion. It was all a matter of form, according to Steinbeck. In the roistering 1935 novel, *Tortilla Flat*, two *paisanos* argue about diverting the devil's money into holy channels.

"But do you think a mass has virtue when the money for that mass comes out of the men's pockets while they sleep in wine at Cornelia's house?"

"A mass is a mass," said Pilon. "Where you get two-bits is of no interest to the man who sells you a glass of wine. And where a mass comes from is of no interest to God. He just likes them, the same as you like wine. Father Murphy used to go fishing all the time, and for months the Holy Sacrament tasted like mackerel, but that did not make it less holy. These things are for priests to explain. They are not for us to worry about." (p. 15)

If there is a common thread running through Steinbeck's western novels, it without question deals with whores and whorehouses. This topic is mutual ground

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Victory through Christ Society holding its Sunday revival

for both the grave and the playful Steinbeck. Certainly the whorehouse is a dominant theme in the rollicking *Cannery Row* (1945) and its sequel, *Sweet Thursday* (1954), just as it is in the reflective *East of Eden*. Indeed, one might say that Steinbeck has been obsessed with whorehouses. The very fact that his writing has been concerned with this institution indicates that he feels it is of some social significance in the West. In fact, he equates the mission of the church and the brothel in *East of Eden*. "The church and the whorehouse arrived in the Far West simultaneously. And each would have been horrified to think it was a different facet of the same thing. But surely they were both intended to accomplish the same thing: the singing, the devotion, the poetry of the churches took a man out of his bleakness for a time, and so did the brothels."

Steinbeck finds the status of the bawdyhouse closely linked with the prevailing mores of an era. In 1952 he stated in *East of Eden:*

> At the present time the institution of the whorehouse seems to a certain extent to be dying out. Scholars have various reasons to give. Some say that the decay of morality among girls has dealt the whorehouse its deathblow. Others, perhaps more idealistic, maintain that police supervision on an increased scale is driving the houses out of existence. In the late days of the last century and the early part of this one, the whorehouse was an accepted if not openly discussed institution. It was said that its existence protected decent women. (pp. 90–91)

A focal point in *Cannery Row* was Dora Flood's whorehouse, the Bear Flag Restaurant, where unwary passers-by would occasionally drop in for a sandwich. Dora had wanted to name her establishment the Lone Star to commemorate a splendid time she once had in Fort Worth, but native patriotism had finally prevailed. Steinbeck explains the delicate and apparently typical relationship between this social institution and the community.

> . . . As for Dora—she leads a ticklish existence. Being against the law, at least against its letter, she must be twice as law-abiding as anyone else. There must be no drunks, no fighting, no vulgarity, or they close Dora up. Also being illegal Dora must be especially philanthropic. Everyone puts the bite on her. If the police give a dance for their pension fund and everyone else gives a dollar, Dora has to give fifty dollars. When the Chamber of Commerce improved its gardens, the merchants each gave five dollars but Dora was asked for and gave a hundred. With everything else it is the same, Red Cross, Community Chest, Boy Scouts, Dora's unsung, unpublicized, shameless dirty wages of sin lead the list of donations. . . . Dora's girls are well trained and pleasant. They never speak to a man on the street although he may have been in the night before. (pp. 279–80)

Another thread running through Steinbeck's writing with almost the regularity of the whorehouse is the impact of the automobile on western, indeed, all American society. Steinbeck realizes the profound effect the automobile has had on the American people. It has replaced the hearth as the center of family living—in fact, some observers contend it has wrecked family living. The automobile has fostered a widespread interest in mechanics and has been responsible for developing mechanical aptitudes. Steinbeck places the automobile in its context of American social history in *Cannery Row.*

> Someone should write an erudite essay on the moral, physical, and esthetic effect of the Model T Ford on the American nation. Two generations of Americans knew more about the Ford coil than the clitoris, about the planetary system of gears than the solar system of stars. With the Model T,

part of the concept of private property disappeared. Pliers ceased to be privately owned and a tire pump belonged to the last man who had picked it up. Most of the babies of the period were conceived in Model T Fords and not a few born in them. The theory of the Anglo-Saxon home became so warped that it never quite recovered. (p. 203) [1]

By the time the Okies were ready to hit Route 66 on their way to a better life in the West, the Model T had passed from the scene. It had been supplanted by a host of other brands. Model A Fords, Dodges, Studebakers, Buicks, Hudsons, and Chevrolets were the cars leaving Oklahoma on Route 66. This caravan of jalopies heading west, laden with apprehensive people and meager household goods, was a typical sight on the southwestern landscape in the 1930's. A vigorous used car trade sprang up in the areas where farmers were being dispossessed. Used cars were the only type of transportation the Okies could afford, but they paid dearly for what they got.

Used car dealers employed every possible subterfuge to foist off junk heaps on the Okies. They squirted sawdust into transmissions, differentials, and gear boxes to minimize the noise of the worn parts. If a prospective buyer was hesitant, a dealer might knock off a dollar or so to make a sale. Even with reductions, profits remained fantastically high. Dealers only regretted that this special bonanza would end when the Okies were gone. They were delighted to profit at the expense of the unfortunate.

After the Okies got their old cars on the road, they had to lavish great care on them to make them run. The dispossessed had to get to California, for there was no work for them en route. A breakdown in the middle of the desert would have had dire consequences.

One of the characters of *In Dubious Battle*, Dakin, was typical of a large number of Americans in that his automobile was his proudest possession. It was the one thing in which he could express pride of material ownership. When vigilantes wrecked his car in trying to break the strike, Dakin felt as if a vital part of his being had been destroyed.

The Wayward Bus, set in California and published in 1947, has a strong mechanical theme running through it, as the title might indicate. The bus, named "Sweetheart," needed repair on occasion. In several novels Steinbeck has favored mechanics who repair automobiles. In *Cannery Row* there was Gay, "an inspired mechanic." Gay once repaired Lee Chong's Model T by stealing an entire carburetor from another and putting it on Lee Chong's vehicle, demonstrating the practical value of Henry Ford's championing interchangeable parts. One section of *The Grapes of Wrath* is devoted to a roadside repair Tom Joad and Casy made on an old car. When Tom edges under the car on his back, gets his fingers black with dirty grease, and skins the back of his hand, Steinbeck seems to be right there with him, approving and admiring mechanical prowess. His description of a mechanic's routine in making repairs is so realistic that it reveals a wealth of mechanical knowledge and experience. *The Wayward Bus* repeats much of the repair routine first listed in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Juan Chicoy skins his hand, just as Tom did. Also like Tom he remarks that a mechanic does not get started until he has brought blood. Afterwards, he can go ahead with his work.

Ideas and concepts that have gained wide or general acceptance, that have ingrained themselves in the popular mind, generate great power. In fact, the ideas that motivate social philosophies and actions are the most significant part of social history and reflect most clearly a people's image. The significance arises from the fact that through ideas men make their strongest bid for immortality. The routine of daily living becomes forgotten as years pass, but men's thoughts live on. With ideas men can hope to contribute to the flowing river of human knowledge and experience.

A dominant idea in the mind of the American people in the nineteenth century was the concept of the frontier. Steinbeck deals with this idea in "The Leader of the People," a short story from the 1938 collection, *The Long Valley*.[2] Historically, the frontier concept was based on the people's having access to land in the West. The movement of people across the continent and the problems raised by the movement became paramount in the nation's history. Even if people did not move themselves, they had the psychological assurance that they could go if they wanted. Both physically and psychologically the ever receding frontier was a source of new hope and inspiration. Those who moved with the frontier across the continent experienced an incomparable exhilaration. They left their record on the face of the land as it stretched ever westward. When finally there was

no more land to the west—only ocean, something happened to the men to whom an expanding frontier had been a life-long challenge. They could go no farther. This new and brutal fact was never accepted completely by some. They could find happiness only in reliving the high adventure of the past. Such a person was the old father in "The Leader of the People." He was afraid Americans no longed wanted to hear about the vital impulse that had carried their forebears across the plains.

". . . When we saw the mountains at last, we cried—all of us. But it wasn't getting here that mattered, it was movement and westering. . . . The westering was as big as God, and the slow steps that made the movement piled up and piled up until the continent was crossed. . . . There's no place to go. There's the ocean to stop you. There's a line of old men along the shore hating the ocean because it stopped them. No place to go. . . . Every place is taken. But that's not the worst—no, not the worst. Westering has died out of the people. Westering isn't a hunger any more. It's all done." (p. 302)

Although westering might have gone out of the people so that they no longer wanted to hear about the conquering of the frontier, the effects of its closing cannot be dismissed with "Nobody wants to hear about it." The Great Depression showed the nation some dire consequences of an economy tempered by neither a frontier nor governmental planning. After the frontier was closed, this country had to look inward for means of further development. There was no more safety valve for agrarian discontent. When agriculture developed into a commercial enterprise and tenants were thrown off the land, there was no more frontier where they could begin anew. Great changes were at work in the land. Steinbeck feels that regardless of the changes that occur as the result of the end of the frontier, society, armed with democratic ideas, will never be overwhelmed by the forces of oppression. Although the society he speaks of in *The Grapes of Wrath* includes all mankind, it has been the ideas generated by the American democratic experience that give mankind the surest protection against totalitarianism. "And this you can know—fear the time when Manself will not suffer and die for a concept, for this one quality is the foundation of Manself, and this one quality is man, distinctive in the universe."

Thus far we have seen how Steinbeck presents the ideas of people as a vital part of social history. Now it is appropriate to analyze the writer's own thinking as a powerful reflector and molder of American social thought.

Between the time Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath* and *East of Eden*, one aspect of his social thinking seems to have undergone a change. In the earlier novel he very clearly indicates that he thinks social ills would have to be cured by collective action. Collectivism inescapably entails some limitations on individual thinking and expression, and in *East of Eden* he takes a forthright stand against any system that would limit man's ideas.

Our species is the only creative species, and it has only one creative instrument, the individual mind and spirit of a man. Nothing was ever created by two men. There are no good collaborations, whether in music, in art, in poetry, in mathematics, in philosophy. Once the miracle of creation has taken place, the group can build and extend it, but the group never invents anything. The preciousness lies in the lonely mind of a man.

And now the forces marshaled around the concept of the group have declared a war of extermination on that preciousness, the mind of man. By disparagement, by starvation, by repressions, forced direction, and the stunning hammerblows of conditioning, the free, roving mind is being pursued, roped, blunted, drugged. It is a sad suicidal course our species seems to have taken.

And this I believe: that the free, exploring mind of the individual is the most valuable thing in the world. And this I would fight for: the freedom of the mind to take any direction it wishes, undirected. And this I must fight against: any idea, religion, or government which limits or destroys the individual. This is what I am and what I am about. I can understand why a system built on a pattern must try to destroy the free mind, for that is the one thing which can by inspection destroy such a system. Surely I can understand this, and I hate it and I will fight against it to preserve the one thing that separates us from the uncreative beasts. (p. 132)[3]

The freedom Steinbeck advocates for the human spirit could never be fostered by any collective form of government, because such government of necessity must curtail individual freedom. What his affirmation of the individual constitutes is a studied revaluation of his earlier social thinking. Among the American novels then, *East of Eden* marks a basic change in Steinbeck's viewpoint. Any further serious studies of American society will likely stem from the *East of Eden* philosophy rather

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Walter Murray Gibson: Great Mormon Rascal

Twice in his turbulent life he narrowly escaped hanging

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

In any gallery of Mormon rogues, Walter Murray Gibson must be placed among the elect. He was not merely a scoundrel, like John C. Bennett, nor just an inordinately ambitious rascal such as James J. Strang; no, the thing that gives Gibson a place among the select few, such as Sam Brannan, was a certain flair, an élan, a dash and an audacious impudence—qualities which bring a certain secret envy from prosaic clods such as you and me.

Characterized as "an ex-pirate who, becoming a Mormon, stole the island of Lanai," Gibson was prominent in the history of the first plantation established outside of the United States by the Mormon Church. Gibson went on to become prime minister of the Hawaiian Islands under the last native king. Twice in his turbulent life he narrowly escaped hanging, and he had the distinction of being one of the few men to hoodwink completely that shrewd judge of human character, Brigham Young.

Gibson's first contact with Mormonism was in 1859, when he returned to Washington from a stint with the American Legation in Paris to find the Mormon question the issue of the day. The United States Army had marched into Utah the previous year and was now occupying the territory on orders of President Buchanan, who had called the church an "organized rebellion." But now the reaction was coming. The Mormon policy of nonresistance to the army of occupation had engendered public sympathy for the Saints. Newspapers were calling the Utah Expedition "Buchanan's blunder."

Into Gibson's fertile mind came full-blown a great idea that would not only solve the Mormon problem at a single bold stroke but also make him a public hero overnight. His life was characterized by such ideas. Forthwith, he made contact with Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, the

congressional delegate from Utah Territory.

"The entire problem is very simple," Gibson said. "Instead of fighting the Mormons, the government can simply get rid of them—move them to Papua."

Dr. Bernhisel blinked. "Papua?"

"An island of the New Hebrides group in the East Indies," Gibson explained smoothly. "I am familiar with the islands, and there is no doubt that the natives there are the Lamanites of your *Book of Mormon*, just awaiting the arrival of your people. The land is fertile, the climate perfect, there is plenty of unoccupied territory, and," concluded Gibson significantly, "nobody would care how many wives a Mormon had in the East Indies."

Dr. Bernhisel was intrigued with the idea of a haven far away, with the missionaries converting island after island, the Mormons growing to occupy a vast Pacific empire. He began sounding out connections in Washington.

Gibson meanwhile began pulling political strings and issuing statements to the paper. The New York *Times* reported that Captain Gibson's prime motive seemed altruistic, the bringing of civilization to the Pacific Islands, which would be of great benefit to the world. (Gibson's title of "captain," incidentally, was self-applied.)

President Buchanan actually became interested in the proposition of moving the Mormons into the Pacific, until he learned that the government would be expected to pony up the five million dollars for transportation costs. Then Buchanan dropped the project, even though the Utah Expedition was eventually to cost three times that much.

Of course there was just one man who could okay the scheme, and he was Brigham Young. Gibson embarked on the long trip across the plains to visit the Mormon leader, full of confidence in his own power of persuasion. He had every reason to be, as his previous life amply demonstrated.

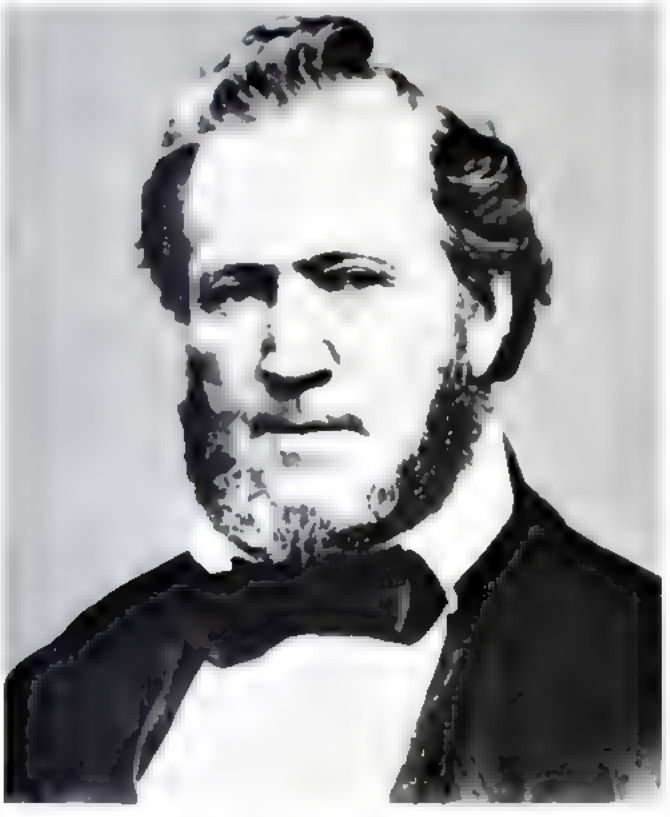
At thirty-five, Gibson was six feet tall, slender, darkly handsome with deep-set blue eyes, a prominent nose, a fine head of wavy hair, and an aristocratic bearing. He was a charmer with a magnetic personality who

President Buchanan actually became interested .

had become convinced that he was predestined for a great career. Although with almost no formal schooling, his mind was a storehouse for an amazing assortment of information, and he had an uncanny knack for picking up languages. Gibson believed he had learned these things during previous incarnations.

Gibson's origins and early life unquestionably are colored by his own fancy. His flowery journals are, like those of Strang, all too evidently written for posterity. He knew a good story when he saw one and had a well-recognized ability to polish up and improve upon fact. For a good deal of his early life the only source is himself, and so it must be suspect.

He claimed to have been born at sea in 1824 during a raging storm in the Bay of Biscay of English parents en



. . but only Brigham Young could okay the scheme

route to America, and to have run away from his home in Virginia at the age of twelve to spend five years among the Indians of North Carolina. At seventeen he married fifteen-year-old Rachel Lewis in South Carolina, who died in childbirth when their third baby, a daughter named Talula, was born. Gibson left the children with his wife's parents and at the age of twenty-one went to New York to make his fortune.

According to his own story, in New York Gibson began a series of inventions which, within five years, brought him fabulous wealth. Just what this means is difficult to say, though when the California gold rush began, Gibson was ready with a marvelous gold-washing machine with "rotary pumps, suction hose, the diaphragm filter, and my submerged whirling pans." On the day his machine was exhibited in the window of his Broadway offices, "Success is mine," he confided to his diary. "I am riding the California gale of prosperity."

Subsequently accounts of the gold rush by forty-niners tell of wonderful gold-washing machines abandoned along the banks of the American River, absolutely worthless, their sale having been little more than a confidence game.

With wealth, looks, charm, and the gift of gab, Gibson enjoyed the best of life for a while, moving among diplomatic and social circles. He was an oddity in that he didn't smoke, drink, or gamble. He played hard to get, concocted fanciful tales of his past, cultivated foreign ministers, rode alone by day in his carriage, but always seemed to have a reigning beauty on his arm for social occasions despite his pose as one destined to go through life lonely because of the loss of his true love. His ambition for greatness prevented him from marrying again. A wife and home didn't "fit the pattern of my life."

His friendships in diplomatic circles resulted in an appointment as consul general to Guatemala, San Salvador, and Costa Rica, but he resigned to accept the position of admiral of the Guatemalan navy. The fact that Guatemala didn't *have* any navy was a minor point which he rushed to New York to correct. He purchased a ninety-six-foot schooner and was arming it to the teeth when the U. S. government rudely stopped him, pointing out that this was an illegal activity. So Gibson took the cannons off the boat, converted it into a yacht, named it the *Flirt*, and set sail for the South Seas, leaving behind a scandal of a socially prominent girl who was saved from joining him on the tour in the nick of time by an irate father.

After several adventures, including a mutiny—according to his own account—Gibson was imprisoned in a steaming jail in Sumatra for fomenting a native uprising against the Dutch overlords. He languished behind bars a year, comforted by the visits of a nubile native lass named Sahyeepah—a princess, of course—before being tried and sentenced to death. As Gibson told it, Sahyeepah bribed guards and smuggled him out in native dis-

guise, though another account, easier to believe, is that his Dutch captors arranged the escape to avoid the complications that could result from executing a U. S. citizen. At any rate he did escape, and sailed to England aboard the British vessel, the *H. B. Palmer*.

In England he charmed the American consul at Liverpool—Nathaniel Hawthorne the author—but when he tried to enlist Hawthorne's help in getting an English estate, Hawthorne wanted no part of the scheme. Gibson claimed that in the confusion and excitement of the storm on the night of his birth at sea, he had been accidentally exchanged for another baby, and that actually he was of noble English blood, heir to a big estate. "I fear the castle in England will not work out," Hawthorne wrote, "which I regret exceedingly for he was a most delightful companion and a very gentlemanly man." Here is an indication of Gibson's charm. Hawthorne knew the fellow was a phony, but such a charming one that wasn't it too bad he couldn't promote his con game.

When back in America, Gibson had the audacity to press a formal claim against the Netherlands government for false imprisonment, asking damages of $100,000. He aroused public sympathy for his claim through lectures and the publication of a book about his adventures, *The Prison of Veltevreden*. When the Dutch refused to pay the claim, the United States came to the brink of war over the matter until a copy of a vital letter (the original of which had turned up missing from the State Department files to which Gibson had had access) was produced by the Dutch. In it Gibson admitted his guilt. He lost his case, but the incident did result in the United States obtaining the right to place consuls throughout the Dutch East Indies, which previously had been closed to foreign representatives.

Such was the man who arrived in Salt Lake City in October of 1859 and arranged for an interview with Brigham Young. Gibson poured his charm upon Brigham, and one interview followed another.

Brigham quickly vetoed the idea of moving the Saints to the South Seas. It would cost too much, and he was no more interested in this migratory scheme than he had been in Sam Brannan's to move the Mormons to California a decade previous. But Brigham was taken by Gibson's proposal to convert the natives of the islands and establish leadership throughout the Pacific.

"Investigate our creed," Brigham Young invited, "and if you accept our faith I can send you as a missionary among the natives of the islands."

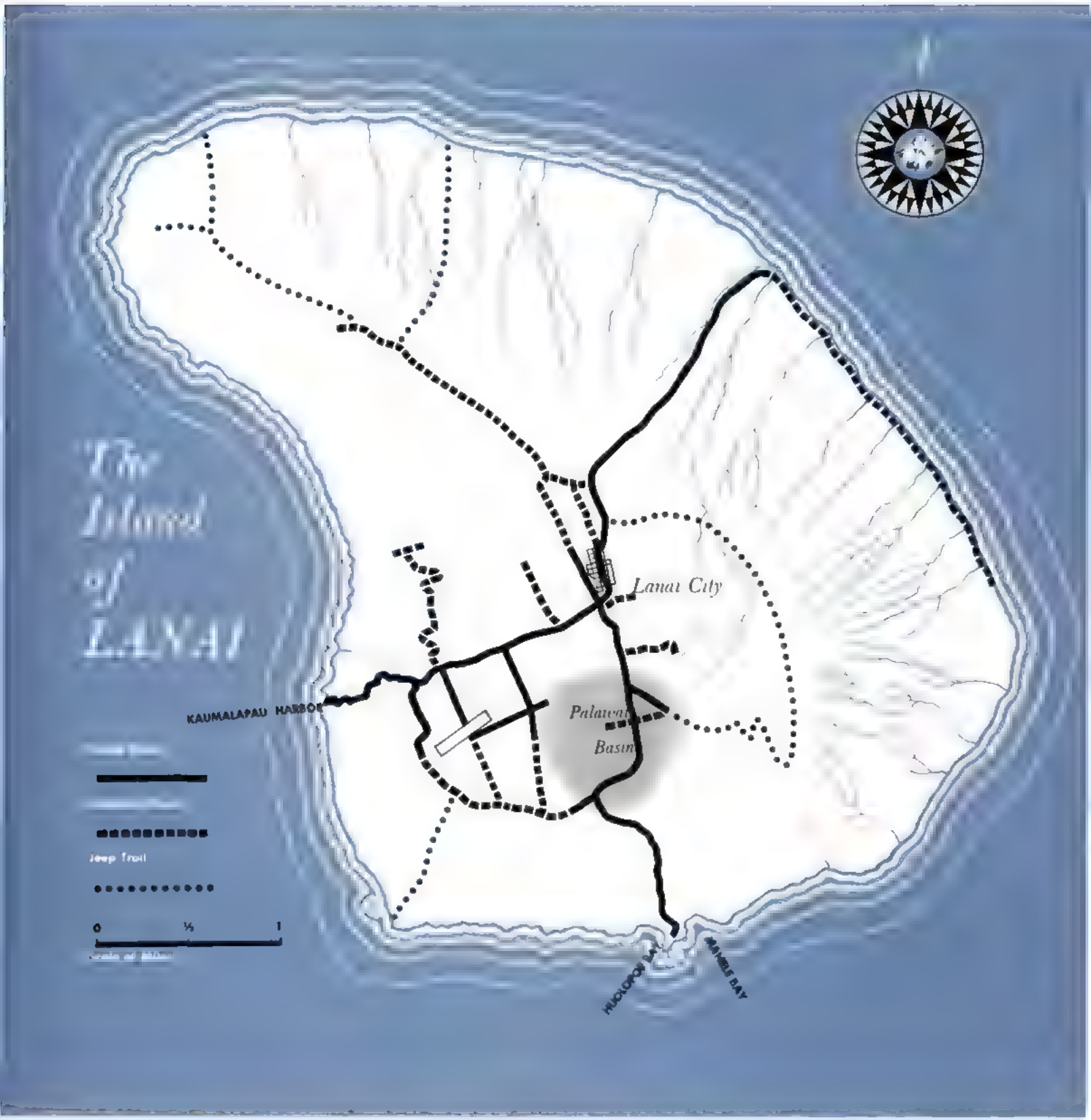
Gibson investigated. Meanwhile, with his charm, good looks, and gift of gab he became extremely popular in Salt Lake. His lectures drew so many that the Social Hall wouldn't hold the crowds, and Brigham allowed him to use the Tabernacle.

Gibson and Brigham Young became friendly as the younger man saw the church president time and again, and was invited to dine with him. Brigham presented him with a handsome pocket watch, which Gibson carried the rest of his life.

Why was the shrewd judge of human nature taken in by Gibson? One reason is, of course, the charm and persuasiveness of Gibson. Another distinct possibility is intriguing: In build, looks and manner—the warm and outgoing personality, the magnetic eyes, the prominent nose, the quick enthusiasm—this outer facade of Gibson was reminiscent of the surface characteristics of the one man Brigham Young had revered more than any other on earth, Joseph Smith. This purely physical resemblance could have swayed Brigham without the Mormon leader being aware of it.

Within a few months Gibson announced that he had found the true faith, and he was baptized January 14, 1860. Heber C. Kimball of the First Presidency performed the ordination, baptizing Gibson and his daughter Talula, in the icy waters of City Creek. Brigham Young personally confirmed Captain Gibson a member of the church.

Gibson's graphic lectures of the idyllic life in the South Seas began to cause unrest among the Saints. Why stay in Utah, harassed and persecuted, when a life of peace and plenty awaited on the Pacific Islands? To quiet the murmuring, Brigham sent Gibson on a mission to New York that summer. While in the East, Gibson


The Island of LANAI
Lanai City
KAUMALAPAU HARBOR
Palawai
Basin
Jeep Trail
0
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1
HULOPOE BAY
MANELE BAY

DOLE CORPORATION

View of the Palawai Basin on the island of Lanai (about 1920)

The Palawai Basin today under intensive pineapple cultivation

DOLE CORPORATION

picked up his two sons and evidently turned a quick buck (from some reports by borrowing from the New York Saints). He returned in style, waving as his carriage passed the ox-drawn wagon trains of the Saints crossing the plains. In Salt Lake again, less than six months after having left on the mission, Gibson reported that he had baptized noted men and had interviewed the members of the Japanese Embassy, "in their own language," he added casually. "They were very receptive. Matter of fact, they invited me to visit Japan."

Brigham Young saw an opportunity to open Japan to LDS missionaries, and a few days later at a meeting in the Tabernacle Brigham called Gibson as a missionary "to go with a commission to all nations upon the earth," and in particular to Japan.

With Talula and two men he had converted en route (one a bartender), Gibson arrived in Honolulu on the Fourth of July, 1861. Whatever he might have previously had in mind, he immediately decided to stay. He never did go on to Japan. The islands presented an opportunity too good to pass up. Mormon missionaries had established a colony of native converts on the island of Lanai. In other parts of the world converts were urged to come to Zion, but Hawaiian law forbade emigration. On Lanai the missionaries had secured some six thousand acres in a circular valley named Palawai, the crater of an ancient volcano. Here they had established a colony, the "City of Joseph"; but with the Utah War, the missionaries had been called home, leaving only a native in charge.

It was obvious to Gibson that this little kingdom was just waiting for someone to take charge and take over.

As Gibson came over the rim of the valley of Palawai, his eyes glowed. He saw a spacious bowl some three miles in diameter, "rich and grassy from bottom to the rim in every part of it," he subsequently wrote in his journal. There was no stream running through it, but a two-inch pipe could bring water enough to make an investment of $2,000 at twenty-five cents an acre, worth, he estimated, a quarter million dollars. "This is the best land in the Sandwich Islands," his journal records. "I could make a glorious kingdom out of this." The people, he knew, would turn over any earthly possession to their religious leader and labor for nothing except treasures in heaven.

But as he stood on the rim of the ancient volcano with his two cohorts, none of the cupidity showed in his aristocratic face. He waited, imperious, for the natives to come from the huts of the little City of Joseph and approach the stranger. The next few minutes would make all the difference.

As the Hawaiians drew near, smiling hospitably, Gibson asked, "Who is in charge?"

The effect of this simple question was electric because the white man did not speak English, but addressed the natives in their own tongue. Impressed, they took him to Solomona Umi, who had been left in charge of the colony until the missionaries returned from Utah.

Solomona Umi waited in dignity outside his door. The white man greeted him in the native dialect. Umi returned the salutation. Then Gibson whipped out an impressive parchment. It was his appointment as a roving missionary, which Brigham Young had allowed him to prepare himself in flowery language and with an ornate hand. After Brigham had signed it, Gibson had festooned it with an impressive array of red wax seals and colored ribbons.

Solomona Umi gazed at the parchment, obviously awed by its grandeur and just as obviously unable to read a single word of it.

"I am sent here by Brigham Young, as Priest of Melchisedek," Gibson announced, "and as Chief President of the Islands of the Sea and of the Hawaiian Islands for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Then as Solomona Umi gaped, Gibson calmly took command. "We will hold a conference of the Saints at Wailuku," he ordered.

At the conference he consolidated his position as leader and "Chief President," and what with the unsettled conditions in far-away Utah, his rule went unchallenged for two and a half years.

Gibson played upon the native desire for pomp and

prestige by organizing his church in Hawaii along the lines of the one in Salt Lake City, with himself as its president. He appointed a quorum of twelve apostles, ordained high priests, bishops, and even made priestesses of women, an unheard-of innovation.

As the first order of business, Gibson had the natives build him a grass house. Thirty men and women were his servants. They laid a stone walk in front and constructed impressive embellishments to the self-styled president's quarters. Here, Gibson wore a white robe of authority and ruled with absolute power. All who came to see him crawled into his presence on hands and knees.

With awesome and impressive ceremonies he dedicated a plot of sacred ground where he sealed up in a boulder a copy of the *Book of Mormon* and various documents. Here, he said, would be built a great temple, the rock being the cornerstone. This rock was declared sacred, and Gibson erected a little shrine of poles and brush over it while concocting some quick legends about the place. Any person who entered the shrine would be stricken lifeless. A chicken was said to have perched on the shrine, and toppled over, stone dead. The natives took Gibson's word for it and gave the sacred shrine respectful berth.

Gibson's two cohorts, H. B. Eddy and C. O. Cummings, were amused by all this mumbo-jumbo, until he began insisting that they, too, should pay homage to his supreme authority. When they realized that this was to be a one-man show, they picked up and left Gibson to run it alone.

Gibson's plan was to buy all available land on Lanai, then one by one to get control of all the other islands. He intended to do it peacefully, if possible, by conversion of the people and purchase of the land. But he drilled an army in case it would be necessary to conquer by force.

Gibson needed money for his plan of conquest and sent missionaries throughout the islands to collect tithing and contributions from the faithful. Tithes were supposed to be forwarded to church headquarters, but no money that Gibson saw ever went to Salt Lake. He sold church offices and positions for what the traffic would bear, sometimes ordaining a man an apostle for $150, at other times making a priestess of a woman for as little as fifty cents if she didn't have any more. Kailihune, a Hawaiian who had been excommunicated for pocketing church funds, was not only restored to fellowship by Gibson, but ordained "to the high office of Arch Bishop of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands." (Incidentally, there is no such office in the Mormon Church as archbishop.) Kailihune died soon afterwards, before paying for his high honor, so Gibson collected from the widow:

> I, Kaniniu, the widow of Kailihune, deceased, we two give to W. M. Gibson, 800 goats, 2 horses, 3 turkeys, $50 in cash, $5 for the certificate as elected Bishop. $1 for my own certificate. All these things have been given to buy the land of Palawai, Lanai.

A dictatorship can be an efficient form of government, and wonders can be performed with united effort. In justice to Gibson it must be admitted that he made radical improvements in the lot of the natives. He acquired sixty-five hundred acres of land, and, under his direction, the people built water cisterns and constructed housing for improved living conditions. Gibson started an industrial school, and soon the natives were weaving hats, making mats, and engaging in other handicraft. Where fishing had been almost the sole occupation, Gibson soon had the valley under cultivation, providing food for the people and surplus corn for sale.

His army drilled with the dream of conquest. Gibson told the troops they would get a ship and conquer island by island until the entire Pacific was one mighty empire.

"You, the red-skinned children of Abraham, have attained the joy of preparing to found the New Jerusalem," he told his excited followers. At the same time, in a revealing communication to the Hawaiian government, Gibson gave assurance that he had twenty-five hundred votes in his pocket. He obviously was as much interested in wealth and political power as in founding a utopia.

Great was the enthusiasm and zeal in Gibson's little kingdom as he played upon native yearning to recapture ancient glories, except on the part of a thoughtful few

who were disturbed by the fact that Gibson's activities did not square with the teachings of the original LDS missionaries who had gone away. Those others had not sold offices, had not ordained apostles, had not allowed women to hold the Priesthood, had not worn white robes or required people to crawl into their presence. Finally people of this group composed a letter to the authorities in Salt Lake, asking if such things were right. Other information, principally from Eddy and Cummings, had previously reached Salt Lake to the effect that Gibson was stealing the natives' land and using the church as a front for his own ambitions; however, since these were charges of apostates, not too much attention had been given them. The letter from the faithful was another matter. Brigham Young immediately sent a delegation of five men to straighten things out, Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff, and A. L. Smith. They arrived on the island of Lanai in April, 1864, as the natives were assembled for annual conference.

Gibson knew that this was a showdown, and was prepared for it. He spoke to his people with great power and eloquence, telling them of the many things he had done for them, of the great plans for the future. Only after this did he recognize the visitors, whom he denounced as emissaries of Satan. Then, confidently, he invited them to speak.

The newcomers were strangers. The natives resented their denunciation of Gibson. When they called for a vote against Gibson, only one member of the entire congregation sustained them. Gibson had won.

The delegation from Utah officially excommunicated Walter Murray Gibson. Gibson took the action with a tolerant smile. He owned half the island of Lanai. The natives had demonstrated their solidarity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "goodbye."

In parting, Joseph F. Smith said, "Gibson, you will die in the gutter."

Soon after the Mormon delegation had gone home, a strange thing happened on Lanai. The word got around among the natives that the visitors had better gods than Gibson. For hadn't they visited the sacred shrine, walked about inside and inspected it, without dropping dead? A bold native tried it; nothing happened to him either. Gibson's power, dependent on a framework of superstition, collapsed. People no longer crawled into his presence. The natives were no longer impressed by the titles and offices Gibson had to bestow. Within a month all his followers had left Lanai.

It would be fitting to say that Gibson, his power gone, quickly declined and then came to an untimely end in the gutter, but such is not the case. Gibson's theft of church property and money was the beginning of a personal fortune that allowed him to become an extremely wealthy man, the same way that tithe theft had been the basis for the fortune of another Mormon rascal, Sam Brannan of gold rush days.

With the cry of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," Gibson entered politics and was elected to the legislature from the district of Lanai. In politics Gibson's winning ways resulted in a meteoric career. His appeal to the native yearning for resurgence of the dwindling Hawaiian race, a recapture of the glories of the days of King Kamehameha, gave him wide popular support, though his private goal clearly was "Hawaii for Gibson." He stirred up race hatred against the whites, particularly those prominent in business and social life.

Gibson so ingratiated himself with King Kalakaua that he was made prime minister and minister of foreign affairs, and held each of the cabinet posts in turn, occasionally several at once. Whenever the conservative elements in the kingdom tried to unseat him he rallied his Hawaiian supporters, fanned racial fires, and flattered the hula-loving, poker-playing king.

Once in power, Gibson tried to gain his earlier dream of a Pacific empire and actually outfitted a gunboat for the purpose of taking over Samoa. In attempting to enlarge the king's powers and, of course, his own, Gibson overreached and triggered off the revolution of 1887.

Gibson's regime was characterized by scandal and corruption, climaxed by the acceptance of two separate

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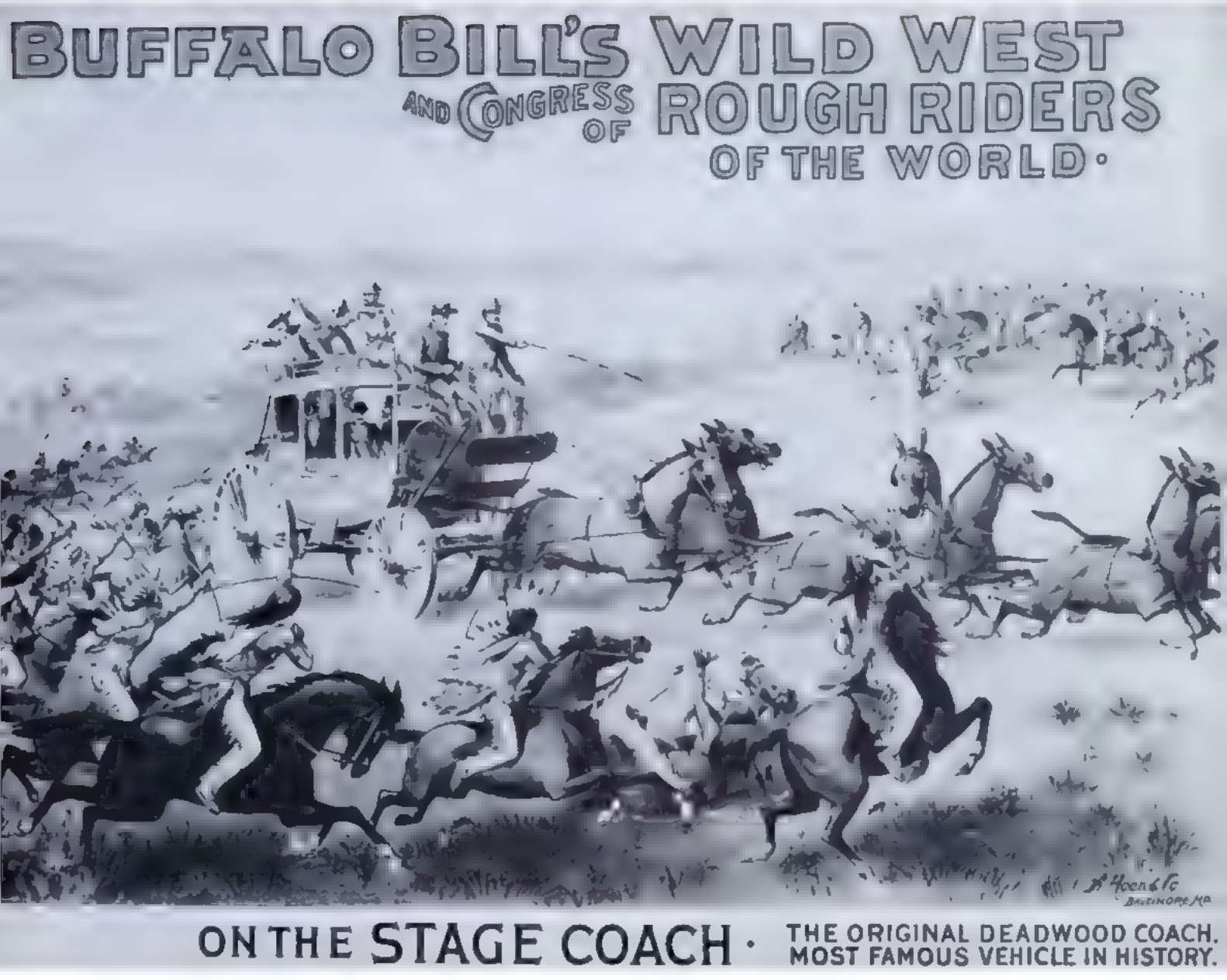
The West in myth and fantasy


BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS
OF THE WORLD.
ON THE STAGE COACH · THE ORIGINAL DEADWOOD COACH.
MOST FAMOUS VEHICLE IN HISTORY.

Early poster advertising one of Cody's Wild West Shows

COWBOYS INDIANS OUTLAWS

BY JOHN G. CAWELTI

On December 16, 1872, as their city was recovering from the disastrous fire of the preceding year, a sellout crowd of Chicagoans was waiting for the curtain to rise on a play entitled *The Scouts of the Plains*. The play turned out to be something less than a masterpiece. The playwright, a redoutable character whose career had included everything from bigamy to temperance lectures, was a writer of dime novels who called himself

Buffalo Bill about the time of "The Scouts of the Plains"

BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM CODY WYOMING

Ned Buntline, though his real name was Edward Zane Carroll Judson. Buntline later claimed that he had written *The Scouts of the Plains* in four hours, a few days before its opening, a boast that could very well be true since the play was largely plagiarized from another which Buntline had seen in New York the preceding year. The cast of *The Scouts of the Plains* also left something to be desired. The only member who could charitably be called a trained professional was an Italian actress named Mademoiselle Morlacchi who played the part of Dove-Eye, an Indian maiden. The three male leads not only had little previous theatrical experience, but two of them completely forgot their lines. The cast was rounded out by ten down-and-out extras rather unconvincingly made up as Indians. The performance with which this distinguished company favored its audience was unbelievable. In summing up his reaction to it, the critic of the Chicago *Times* wrote:

> On the whole, it is not probable that Chicago will ever look upon the like again. Such a combination of incongruous drama, execrable acting, renowned performers, mixed audience, intolerable stench, scalping, blood and thunder, is not likely to be vouchsafed to a city for a second time,—even Chicago.

Judging from other reports of the performance, one can readily sympathize with this long-suffering critic. Nonetheless, *The Scouts of the Plains* was an early and crude version of one of America's most distinctive contributions to world culture, the Western, which some critics have called one of the few authentic modern folk-epics or myths. Furthermore, *The Scouts of the Plains* was the theatrical debut of the individual who probably did most to impose the image of the Wild West on the world's imagination, William F. Cody or Buffalo Bill. Audiences were far more receptive to this early Western than critics. *The Scouts of the Plains* played to packed houses in Chicago and moved on to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and New York with continuing success. After several years with plays like *Scouts of the Plains; May Cody, or Lost and Won; Red Right Hand, or Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer; Knight of the Plains;* and *Buffalo Bill at Bay, or The Pearl of the Prairie;* Cody hit upon the great spectacle of the Wild West Show, which he first formed in the early 1880's and with which he brought the Wild West to the world.

The Western, as we know it today in novels, movies, and television, is essentially the elaboration of the image of the West created by the Wild West Show of Buffalo Bill and the dime novels of the later nineteenth century. Indeed, one of the fascinating questions which awaits the definitive historian of the Western is why the myth of the West became fixed on what was actually a very minor part of the actual history of the West, the struggles of cowboys, Indians, and outlaws on the Great Plains. The Western has never been long on historical accuracy, and the typical story or film is replete with anachronisms. Yet, the basic elements of the myth, the historical incidents and characters which it has continually exploited, and the particular social structure which is invariably in the background, came largely from the period between the opening of the Great Plains in the 1850's and the completion of a railroad network and the advance of farming in the 1870's. Out of a frontier history of almost three hundred years, Americans have selected a twenty-year period and made it eternal in myth as *the* West. To give just one striking example of this mythical expansion of a short time period, the Russell, Majors and Waddell pony express from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, so often celebrated in western stories, made its first run on April 3, 1860, and lasted for about sixteen months before the completion of the transcontinental telegraph made the pony express obsolete.

If Buffalo Bill's Wild West and the popular adventure stories of the dime novels—including the over two hundred novels which one author, Prentiss Ingraham, wrote about Buffalo Bill—were largely responsible for fixing the shape of the Western, they can hardly be called creators of the mythology of the West. To a considerable extent their contribution was rather one of adapting, simplifying, dramatizing—one might almost say jazzing up—an already existing mythic pattern which went back at least as far as the early nineteenth century and had already been given an important literary embodiment long before anyone had ever heard of cowboys.

Until the end of the nineteenth century the existence of a western frontier was part of the American experience. As early as 1682 there appeared an extremely popular work of literature which was, in a sense, a western story, Mrs. Mary Rowlandson's narrative of her life as a captive among the Indians. However, Mrs. Rowlandson's story was more or less an actual narrative

UTAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Russell, Majors, and Waddell pony express so often celebrated in western stories lasted sixteen months before completion of the transcontinental telegraph made it obsolete.

The contribution of the adventure stories in dime novels was one of jazzing up an already existing mythic pattern.

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based on her own experiences. Her work was a pioneer effort in a literary tradition which has continued to the present day: the attempt to give a realistic account of life on the frontier. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, western travelers and actual settlers attempted to set down their experience of the West. In the twentieth century this tradition of eyewitness accounts has been continued in the work of serious historical novelists such as A. B. Guthrie, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and H. L. Davis, who, with the help of careful research, have attempted to recreate in fiction the reality of various phases of frontier life. There are a number of marginal instances where writers with serious historical pretensions have obviously been more enthralled by the mythical West than by the West of history. There are also plenty of cases where eyewitnesses viewed their experience through the tinted glasses of legend. Nevertheless, the tradition of serious historical writing, whether factual or fictional, should be differentiated from the Western. In fact, one distinguishing mark of the serious historical novelist of the West is his tendency to eschew the cowboys, injuns, and outlaws who dominate the popular myth in order to deal with the life of the farmers and other settlers whose life was, after all, more representative of the typical western experience.

Another literary tradition connected with the West was also quite distinct from the Western myth: the great tradition of western humor, satire, and tall tale which reached its zenith in the early work of Mark Twain. The great hero of this tradition was not the noble frontiersman or cowboy of the epic but the picaresque rogue. Simon Suggs was no adherent to the heroic code of the West. His motto was, "It's good to be shifty in a new country." The great classic of western humor, Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, was the antithesis in attitude and treatment of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, while even the more sentimental and picturesque stories of Bret Harte had little to do with the West of the mythic tradition. Perhaps the major influence of western humor on the growth of *the* Western lay in its development of the comic westerner, who, as a sidekick of the hero, became a *sine qua non* of the Hollywood B Western. Those rather boring buffoons played by Andy Devine were probably the debilitated grandchildren of Mark Twain's great comic creations.

There was always an interplay between the three

NATIONAL SCREEN SERVICE

Those boring buffoons played by Andy Devine were probably the debilitated grandchildren of Twain's great comic creations.

strands of eyewitness and historical narrative, western humor, and the myth of the West, but they remained essentially separate cultural traditions. The first two were the work of actual westerners and, in their different ways, reflected western experience and attitudes. The mythology of the West, however, was primarily the creation of men who any self-respecting cowboy would have called dudes. It was Ned Buntline, the eastern writer of pulp novels who first saw the tremendous potential in Buffalo Bill, and it was Cody's contact with the interests and tastes of eastern audiences which helped him to develop the image of the Wild West and to shape the persona which became world famous. The way in which the real Cody became inextricably entangled with the Buffalo Bill of the eastern theater was obvious when Cody fought his famous duel with the Indian chief Yellow Hand, dressed in the theatrical costume he had worn on eastern stages. To see the western legend in proper perspective, we must realize that it has always been more expressive of the values and needs of a highly complex eastern society than of the actual experience of the advancing frontier.

This was true from the inception of the legendary West. America's first important western hero was the great frontiersman Daniel Boone. Boone's exploits were first celebrated in an appendix to the *Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke* published in 1784 by John Filson, one of the pioneer settlers of the state. His material was evidently gathered directly from Boone and was written as if it were an autobiography of the hero. However, it seems unlikely that the unlettered frontiersman would have described his experience in the language and ideas Filson ascribed to him. At one point, for example, Filson's Boone remarked that he was "diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view"; at another, while sitting amid "sylvan shades" he thought of "the ruins of Persepolis or Palmyra." In fact, though substantially accurate as to the events of Boone's life, Filson's account tended to interpret these events in terms of European literary and philosophical ideas. This influence became even more intense in Timothy Flint's *Biographical Memoir of Daniel Boone* (1833). Flint, who Mrs. Trollope called the most cultivated man in the West, was a Harvard educated New Englander who moved to Cincinnati for his health. Flint's Daniel Boone was born of Chateaubriand, Rousseau and Parson Weems:

> They who have hearts to admire nobility imparted by nature's great seal . . . will not fail to be interested in a sketch of the life of the pioneer and hunter of Kentucky, DANIEL BOONE. Contemplated in any light we shall find him in his way and walk, a man as truly great as Penn, Marion, and Franklin, in theirs. True, he was not learned in the lore of books, or trained in the etiquette of cities. But he possessed a knowledge far more important in the sphere which Providence called him to fill. He felt, too, the conscious dignity of self-respect, and would have been seen as erect, firm, and unembarrassed amid the pomp and splendor of the proudest court in Christendom, as in the shade of his own wilderness. Where nature in her own ineffaceable characters has marked superiority, she looks down upon the tiny and elaborate requirements of art, and in all positions and in all time entitles her favorites to the involuntary homage of their fellow men.

Thus, the real-life Daniel Boone was soon transformed by his literary eulogists into the mythical figure of the natural genius free from the artificial restrictions

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Dressed in the theatrical costume he had worn on eastern stages, Cody fought his famous duel with Chief Yellow Hand

Greatest literary monument to the legendary West is Cooper's "Leatherstocking Series," published between 1823 and 1841.

and false pomp of civilization and in direct communion with the Divine Being and His creation. However, Flint's version of this romantic ideal was that of a tenderfoot literary poseur compared with the far more virile creation of his contemporary James Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's "Leatherstocking Series," published between 1823 and 1841, remains the greatest literary monument to the legendary West. Unlike the shallow romanticism of Timothy Flint and other American apostles of a sophisticated primitivism, Cooper's philosophy was deeply felt and embodied a complex cultural criticism. Leatherstocking was by no means the stock figure of the noble savage, though, as Mark Twain later pointed out in his scathing attack in "James Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," Cooper was not untouched by the romantic ideal. Actually, Leatherstocking was part of a complex myth in which Cooper expressed his view of the progress of civilization, a process which he felt had gone off the track in the acquisitive, speculating spirit of his own day. Leatherstocking symbolically embodied the innocent and simple virtues which Cooper felt Americans had lost. However, Cooper had no desire to stave off the progress of civilization. On the contrary, his real hero was not the primitive frontiersman but the cultivated gentleman. Yet he shared the belief of many of his contemporaries that there was great danger in the too rapid pre-emption of the wilderness and in the dominantly acquisitive and materialistic attitude with which Americans pursued their Manifest Destiny. Thus, Cooper's myth of the West expressed the ambiguity and anxiety which many early nineteenth-century Americans felt toward the mobile, dynamically changing society which they were creating, a new social order which threatened many of their traditional moral, religious, and social values.

Cooper's concern for the new direction of American society reflected a feeling which was also expressed in the political myths of his day. It was no accident that Cooper was a Jacksonian Democrat, for many of his contemporaries looked upon Andrew Jackson as a man

who had morally and spiritually revitalized American life by bringing into American politics the natural wisdom and simple moral strength of an earlier stage of American life. In the New Englander George Bancroft's eulogy, Old Hickory took on some of the qualities of Leatherstocking and came out like an early version of the Lone Ranger riding out of the West to bring justice to a society which had lost its way:

> Behold, then, the unlettered man of the West, the nursling of the wilds, the farmer of the Hermitage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the traditions of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacle of honor, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom. . . . The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West; he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment. . . . Guided by natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal.

After the Civil War the Western in dime novel, Wild West Show, and finally in the movies, lost much of its earlier complexity as it became a form of popular entertainment. Spectacle and action were more strongly emphasized than philosophical or political content. Building on the myth of the West as elaborated in the work of Cooper, the dime novelists created an action-filled formula which, with minor changes in event and character, could be duplicated over and over again. Most importantly, they gradually transformed the setting and the cast of characters of the Western. Increasingly, writers of popular Westerns turned to the Great Plains and the 1850's and 1860's for the locale of their stories, and they developed the cowboy hero. There are too many dimensions to this change for a full discussion here. Nor, as suggested earlier, do we really know enough about the history of the Western to give a definitive answer to the question of why this particular phase of Western history was the one to become enshrined in the myth. Certainly, there was no single reason why the cowboy of the Great Plains became *the* mythical archetype of the West. In part, it was probably a matter of unique historical circumstance such as the tremendous popularity of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Furthermore, since the settlement of the Great Plains was one of the last phases of the advancing frontier, events like Custer's Last Stand were actually contemporaneous with the growth of the popular Western. Buffalo Bill, for example, exploited the Indian wars of the 1870's with remarkable skill. His famous "first scalp for Custer" and his exhibition of the Sioux chief Sitting Bull were classic instances of that blending of fantasy and reality which seem so indispensable to the popular mythic imagination of modern times.

But there were doubtless other reasons why the cowboy was such a successful mythic figure. There were, for example, what might loosely be called artistic reasons. A popular myth requires clear conflicts and the potential for spectacle. The cowboy in his struggle with Indians and badmen provided simple but exciting conflicts of heroes and villains. Perhaps even more important was the horse. The earlier frontiersman had been a walker, but the horse transformed the spectacle of action and brought about that image of rapid movement across a vast space which became at once the most characteristic and most thrilling aspect of the Western. Though the potency of this spectacle made the Western a natural cinematic form—indeed, made it one of the few existing literary types which was ready made for the films—one has only to open a western novel by Owen Wister or Zane Grey to see how much the element of movement and the effect of vast space are equally central to the western book.

Finally, Leatherstocking's replacement by the cowboy doubtless reflected some shift in the general cultural attitudes of Americans, though with our present knowledge it is difficult to say definitively just how. Henry Nash Smith has argued that the earlier Leatherstocking figure was usually subordinate in Cooper's plots to the traditional upper-class hero and heroine because the cult of aristocratic gentility made it impossible for Americans to imagine a crude frontiersman as a romantic hero. The coming of the cowboy, who occupied the center of the story, reflected a decline of this aristocratic prejudice, but at the same time revealed a "progressive deterioration in the Western story as a genre." As Smith puts it:

> When a frontiersman in the Leatherstocking tradition replaced the genteel heroine as the pivotal center of plot construction, the Western story lost whatever chance it might once have had to develop social significance. For Leatherstocking was a child of the wilderness to whom society and civilization meant only the dread sound of the backwoodsman's axe laying waste the virgin forest. A genre built about

such a character could not establish any real contact with society.

Smith is certainly correct that after the Civil War the western myth evolved into a form of popular entertainment which lacked the philosophical and artistic breadth of its progenitor. From a certain point of view this could be called a progressive deterioration. I am not sure Smith's analysis is correct in saying that the genre lost its social significance, however. The cowboy was, as he was developed in the later nineteenth century, not simply the child of nature whose simple virtues were opposed to the complexity of civilization. Nor was he, in Cooper's fashion, the thesis in a complex, quasi-Hegelian dialectic of progress. In the later nineteenth-century Western, a stage in the development of the frontier was removed from the processes of time and progress by focusing the action not on the coming of civilization but on the immediate conflicts arising out of the march of civilization. Where Leatherstocking's primary struggle was with those who sought to destroy his wilderness, the cowboy hero fought those who, like Indians and rustlers, sought to break the peace and transgress the code by which he lived. Where Leatherstocking represented a natural morality which had originated in his own individual experience of nature, the cowboy came to represent the highly conventional "code of the West" sanctioned not by nature but by the essentially social concept of honor. Owen Wister in *The Virginian* (1902), the fountainhead of the twentieth-century Western, gave this new moral dimension its classic formulation. Wister's hero, who made his appearance with the classic Westernism "smile when you say that, podner," on his lips, was far less the incarnation of nature than the symbol of a heroic code. The central theme of the book was not the conflict between nature and civilization but the struggle between the values of eastern middle-class respectability as represented by the heroine and the heroic code of the hero. The climax of the story arrived when the hero, called out by the villain, had to choose between his love for the heroine and his sense of honor. In rather ambiguous fashion, the code of the West was vindicated when the heroine's fear for the hero's safety made her realize that her love for the hero was deeper than her respectable moralistic ideals.

The conflict between the eastern ideal of the respectable, law-abiding nonviolent citizen and the western code of honor and individual justice which Wister built into *The Virginian* has become a basic theme of the Western myth, appearing most typically in the situation where the hero discovers that the legal and political structure of the community is paralyzed and that he must resort to extra-legal violence to bring justice and restore the peace. The great duel on the main street with which Wister resolved his story has become an almost ritualistic observance commemorating the ultimate breakdown and violent restoration of the political and legal process. It is this thematic aspect of the contemporary Western which has most fascinated critical analysts because it seems to reflect profound ambiguities of value in American culture. However, though it has received considerable attention, and a number of fascinating but disparate interpretations have been made of its cultural significance, this dominant theme of the modern Western is one of the problems that awaits a definitive treatment. I am inclined to think that the conflict between the code of the West and the middle-class values of the East is a projection into fantasy of a reaction against the dominant middle-class values of our culture, a collective imagining of a way of life in which the individual is freed from the frustrating pressures of domesticity, steady employment, civic responsibility, and the other public virtues of modern middle-class life. In

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PHOTO DIVISION, CBS TELEVISION

In such programs as "Gunsmoke" and "Have Gun, Will Travel"—adult westerns—TV has found its own formula.

The Lonely Sheep-herder

BY J. S. HOLLIDAY

with photographs by Ansel Adams and Paul Hassel

A lonely nomad with Biblical origins and peaceful ways, the sheepherder has never been a member of the fraternity of western heroes. Mountain men, miners, cowboys, and soldiers, in fact and fiction, lived midst action and violence, with rendezvous, barroom, or battlefield as the stage on which their heroics were seen and remembered. But the herder has had no audience. Far from human sight or sound, he has faced discomfort and danger with the maternal qualities of patience and fidelity demanded by the contrariety and helplessness of his flock. His "woolly pests" were damned and dynamited, while their competitors for grass, the cross-bred progeny of Texas longhorns, roamed the plains as honored successors to the buffalo. The object of slander and scorn, the sheepherder for many years faced the widespread opinion that "any man engaged in walking sheep was a lowdown, miserable being whom it was quite correct to terrify or kill." Thus the cowboy might marry a squaw, but he deigned not associate with a mutton-puncher. Isolated by his work and even more by the contempt that met him when he returned from re-

mote pastures, the sheepherder has been an outcast in the American West.

Contributing to his ostracism has been the tradition that sheepherders are strange or even crazy. As one herder explained:

> There are two general theories about herding. Some hold that no man can herd for six months straight without going crazy, while others maintain that a man must have been mentally unbalanced for at least six months before he is in fit condition to entertain the thought of herding. . . . Almost everyone will admit that the herder, as the official chaperone for fifteen hundred strong-minded but misguided females, has a perfectly valid excuse for going crazy at any moment he may elect. However, I never knew one of them to avail himself of this privilege, and I have never heard of an authentic case of its being done.

Nevertheless, stories persist—one being of a Portuguese herder found bathing naked in the waters of a mirage.

Whatever his mental condition, it is his loneliness that comes to mind when we think of the sheepherder. Whether in mountain pastures, forest meadows, or open plains, he is solitary, marooned, alone. And so he has been since the first *pastores* watched over the flocks of conquistadors and padres more than three hundred fifty years ago. His life has changed but little because the peculiarities and needs of sheep are unchanging.

For control and protection, these timid, defenseless animals depend on the herder and his dog. During the winter months when the sheep graze on the dried grass of the open plains, the herder watches over bands numbering anywhere from twenty-five hundred to four thousand head. In the spring, after the lambing season, the herder drives a smaller flock—twelve hundred to fifteen hundred ewes and lambs—to fresh grass in the mountain country. Until his return in October, he has

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For thirty years Ansel Adams has traveled through the West, from the deserts of the Southwest to the slopes of Mount McKinley, Alaska, preserving in his photographs what God and time created—and what man by his carelessness and his bulldozers has so relentlessly sought to destroy. His photographs on these pages reveal the beauty and the serenity of the sheepherder's wilderness world and the look of some of the men who have chosen to live in that world.

sole responsibility for the health, safety, and nourishment of his flock. Every day, every night without respite he must be ready to defend his wards against predators, storms, disease, poisonous plants, and numerous accidents to which they are uniquely and exasperatingly prone. Far from human aid for weeks at a time, with responsibility for an investment valued between $25,000 and $30,000 (producing two money crops a year—wool sheared in the spring and lambs slaughtered in the fall), the herder's task demands patience, judgment, fidelity, and more patience. Inevitably he loses a few sheep, and hardly a summer passes but that a herder's corpse is found—evidence of the dangers of sudden sickness, rattlesnake bite, or lightening bolt.

During the months of his reclusive bachelorhood, the herder's life is eased by his use of a tent for protection from the weather and a horse to facilitate his nomadic existence. His need for fresh supplies brings his only human contact, the camp-tender, who every two or three weeks travels from range headquarters up to the mountain pastures bringing salt for the sheep and staples for the herder (coffee, beans, a can of kerosene, etc.) and some treats—garden vegetables, a piece of fresh beef to break the monotony of "sheep, lamb, ram, and mutton." With the change of diet the camp-tender brings welcome news from the ranch, from the far-off town, and the other herders. But his visit is brief and hurried.

For companionship the herder has only his dog—the sheep, as one old-timer put it, "not by any stretch of the imagination being good company. They are too intent on their own affairs. . . . Between herder and his dog there exists an unusually close bond, an affection that rests on the solid basis of mutual respect. When the herder is without his dog for a day or two, he misses his companionship quite as much as his aid." That aid includes not only rounding up the flock at the direction of the herder's hand-signals and bringing in the strays, but also serving as a constant ally in protecting the flock against coyotes, wolves, mountain lions, bobcats, and bears.

More destructive for many years than nature's predators was the sheep's sworn enemy, the cattleman, who maintained that "everything in front of a sheep is eaten, and everything behind is killed." Too often this was true when sheep-grazing areas were overcrowded and overgrazed, for sheep eat into the roots of grass and if held too long in one area will leave the ground bare. ("Hoofed

locusts" the conservationist John Muir called them.) Determined not to be "sheeped," the cattlemen began in the early 1870's to wage war on the sheepmen. In those "mighty lively days" gangs of masked raiders killed as many as eight thousand sheep in one night's work by clubbing, shooting, stampeding, dynamiting, or poison. As recently as 1920, cattlemen attacked a sheep camp near Blue Mountain, Colorado, killed the owner and the herder, and drove twelve hundred sheep over a cliff. This slaughter marked the end of the range wars. Today peace is maintained by a system of laws that have placed the summer range under strict regulation. Nonetheless, the cattlemen's deep prejudice against sheep continues to cause a condition "bordering on apoplexy, complicated by homicidal tendencies."

Far from friend and foe, the sheepherder spends the summer months watching over his flock, moving by prearranged plan from one grazing area to another. Though constantly attentive, he has many hours when the sheep require nothing but his presence. Then he may while away his time with crafts as old as sheepherding—making chain ornaments of woven horse hair, white and black; or carving intricate designs over the length of his staff. Or he may assuage his loneliness by singing, "a custom in great favor with sheepmen, for when it comes to a choice between missing a mutton dinner or listening to a herder sing, the coyote usually discovers that he is not as hungry as he thought he was." Some herders, especially Mexicans, turn to more melodious music: the harmonica, concertina, guitar, or in the Southwest the *bijuela*, a giant jew's-harp unique to sheepmen, which makes a sound "not without sweetness"—a welcome contrast to the noises of the flock that one herder described by complaining that "sheep can snort, strangle, gargle, sneeze, wheeze, and bleat, to say nothing of violently stamping their feet and making a sound like distant thunder when they shake themselves."

In the high country along the Wyoming-Colorado border there survives today previously unknown—or ignored—evidence of another pastime of the ubiquitous sheepherder. Carved in the white bark of hundreds of aspen trees are the doodlings and more creative (often provocative) imaginings of these herders, who each summer have grazed their flocks through the mountain meadows. As shown in the following photographs, thoughts of "ladies fair" inspired most of the artistry—ample female figures, numerous full-face portraits, and even a mermaid. The size of the trees (eight to ten inches in diameter) when these photographs were taken in 1950 suggests the meticulous skill required to cut the figures and faces in the bark of what must have been but small saplings in the 1930's. Over the years the trees have grown and with them the black, healing welts of the knife cuts, leaving a graphic reminder of the loneliness of the sheepherder, who through the centuries has roamed the West, impervious to the elements, changing but slowly, alone with the wind and the seasons.

For those interested in the sheepherder's history and his way of life, I recommend two books: an entirely delightful account by Archer B. Gilfillan, *Sheep* (Little, Brown, 1929); the author, for twenty years a herder in South Dakota, writes with zest and wit. A more formal, thorough study of the herder and the herded, *Shepherd's Empire*, by Charles Towne and Edward Wentworth (University of Oklahoma Press, 1945) is a most readable history from the conquistadors to the modern flockmasters.

In 1950 Paul Hassel, San Francisco photographer, discovered these living memorials to the sheepherder's loneliness—truly "living" in the sense that every year the size of the drawings has increased with the added girth of the trees. Of the hundreds of carvings, many are mere doodlings and autographs, but most are symbolic of a lonely man's thoughts of whiskey and women. Hassel's photographs provide the first study of this unique art form and suggest that the sheepherder's longings may have found artistic expression in other remote regions of the West.

Since taking these photographs, Paul Hassel has hoped to find other examples of sheepherder art. Inquiry and some searching while in Spain last year proved unrewarding. He is presently planning to pursue a rumor of herder carvings in a remote area near Moab, Utah, and a trip to Mono Lake, California, where there are a number of tree carvings known as "miners' Nellies."

As of now, the best "gallery" is that near Slater, Colorado. More searching in the high country between Slater and Encampment, Wyoming, is recommended by Brett Gray, executive secretary of the Colorado Wool Growers Association, Denver, who also suggests the area between Gypsum and Minturn, and inquiry of the sheepmen around Craig.

PAIR

FRANKO

The buckaroo of the Far West

The Vaquero

Although the terms "cowboy," "vaquero," and "buckaroo" have in the past been used interchangeably and indiscriminately, to do so is not, as a matter of fact, wholly accurate. They are not actually synonymous, because there is a vast difference between the cowboy and the vaquero or buckaroo.

This may sound contradictory to those who are not familiar with the terms used in the actual West. To explain the difference in terminology we must go back into early history. In the United States there are two systems or styles of working cattle, or, rather, two kinds of

herdsmen. One, the vaquero, is Hispanic in origin; the other, the cowboy, is African in origin. The herdsman of the North is a composite of the two styles.

By vaquero or buckaroo is meant the original rider—Spaniard, Mexican, Indian, or Anglo—who herded cattle in the far western states and the territory of Hawaii, that is to say, in California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, and Washington, and in parts of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and British Columbia.

By cowboy is meant the Negroes and whites who herded cattle in the southern states, from the Atlantic seaboard to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada.

The vaquero or buckaroo is a westerner in fact. The cowboy is a southerner, however people may call his territory the "West." The rider of the northern states, like the buckaroo of the Pacific slope, is of Yankee stock. Although there was a great Irish migration into the Northwest, the culture of the real or actual westerner is entirely Yankee.

The cowboy's territory is east of the Rockies; the vaquero's is west of this great barrier. The vaquero or buckaroo is unlike the cowboy in many ways: their racial background, lingo, character, methods of working cattle, and conception of what a horseman should be are different, even when the vaquero, buckaroo, or cowboy happen to be Anglo, Negro, Spaniard, Mexican, Indian.

Vaqueros, buckaroos, and cowboys drove the same Spanish cattle, rode the same Spanish mustang, met the same dangers and difficulties in their work. They ate

BY ARNOLD R. ROJAS

Illustrated by Nicholas S. Firfires

the same kind of food, suffered the same hardships, yet were as far apart as East and West.

The vaquero's pride was in having a bridle hand; the cowboy had to have a horse that knew more about working cattle than its rider. That is to say, the horse worked cattle of its own accord, without the guidance of its rider. This instinct, however, is common in all horses that work cattle, from Tierra del Fuego to Canada.

The difference was that the vaquero's and buckaroo's horse, besides having *amor al ganado*, love for cattle, as this instinct is called in California, also had a trigger rein and could be turned against his instinct to close with a grizzly bear. Lassoing bears was a common enough vaquero sport.

The vaquero has had some influence on the cowboy—especially the northern one—but the cowboy has never had any influence on the vaquero or buckaroo, regardless of what "western" writers may say on the subject. These writers have confused the terms "cowboy," "vaquero," and "buckaroo" either from ignorance of their subject, chauvinism, disregard for truth, or plain malice. Most motion pictures, television shows, and popular books on the West have served to obliterate the truth.

The vaquero or buckaroo, the real westerner, was a cultural force that writers have ignored. He never had a true history written about him while, on the other hand, the Gulf Coast rider or cowboy has had his chroniclers by the score.

The buckaroo who drove the Oregon cattle into Montana, with his long reata, and single-rig, center-fire saddle, has been immortalized on canvas by the great artist, Charles M. Russell. But there has been little worthwhile prose published on the subject of vaqueros or buckaroos.

Will James, in his *Cowboys North and South* is highly readable—but all wrong. There are only western and eastern herdsmen. James split it the wrong way.

Jo Mora in his *Trail Dust and Saddle Leather* made a great and sincere effort, and his illustrations were authentic. But in his effort to translate vaquero terms into English he used the lingo of the Gulf Coast which was not typical of the West Coast. In other respects he had great merit as a historian. Neither Will James nor Jo Mora was a vaquero and neither of them knew the craft at first hand.

It is not my intention to prove that one system or style is better, or which herdsman is superior. But in justice to the men who developed the cattle industry in the Far West before the "cowboy" was ever heard of, I must correct some errors that have marred the true story for years. I speak as a vaquero—and I know whereof I speak.

As nature segregates and forms distinct groups from creatures of a common stock, so the Californiano developed into a type of his own differing from those of his background in Spain. To understand who and what the vaquero or buckaroo actually was, and why he was found with a distinct culture differing from that of any other herdsman, even from those who spoke the same language and were neighbors—English in the United States and Spanish in Mexico—we must go back to Cristóbal Colón, to the fifteenth century Spain of Fernando and Isabela.

Since the Castilian Isabela either financed or permitted Colón to make his expedition of discovery (we do not know since accounts and legends differ) only the subjects of the Castilian crown were permitted to go to those regions where gold was to be found. Thus it was that the Castilian, Andalusian, Extremaduran, Basque, and Portuguese had a free hand in pillaging the fabulous El Dorado of the New World. The subjects of Don Fernando—the Aragonese, Catalans, Valencians, Murcians, and southern Italians—had to stay at home, being refused opportunity to share in carving up the golden pie.

By the time northern New Spain (what is now western United States) was colonized, however, some of the stay-at-homes could come to America, and the men who guarded the first colonists on the journey across the desert into Alta California were Catalonians.

These Catalonians brought the art of *La Jineta* from Spain and transplanted it in California. There the system of riding was much modified from La Jineta of the fifteenth century Andalusian which prevailed in central Mexico. We thus find the California rider distinct not only in costume, custom, speech and character, but also in nature, from the other riders or herdsmen of the New World, including those of central Mexico, even before the gringo came to the West Coast or went to the Gulf Coast states.

The central Mexico rider is a leverage-bit man. His steel curb-chain is still the iron-ring curb of the Moors. On the other hand, the Californiano is a palate-bit man. He uses a leather curb-strap. He does not depend on leverage so much as on the signal of the port touching the palate. The only thing the central Mexico vaquero and the California vaquero or buckaroo have in common is that they both wrap the rope around the horn of the saddle to hold a beef when they lasso it.

The California vaquero was born when Don Juan

Bautiste de Anza led his colonists across the desert into California in 1776. These Catalans had centuries of hand-to-hand combat on horseback in their background; and when they hung up their *chaquetas de cuero*, their leather jackets, to settle on the ranchos and raise cattle they kept alive their pride in an ages-long tradition of horsemanship. The Indians they trained as vaqueros became converts and disciples of the same proud tradition and often exceeded their masters. Some of the very best reinsmen were Indians.

From the beginning the vaquero followed a pattern furnished him by his ancestry in the Old World. He never subordinated his conception of a gentleman on horseback to that of a herder of cattle—a precept which all vaqueros, no matter of what race, have followed religiously in California. And to this day the art of riding is affected by the ancient military tradition, although it has passed through successive modifications.

The vaquero's horse was trained first as a cavalryman's horse, and as a cattle horse afterwards, even though the vaquero's worst enemy was usually nothing more than a maddened bull or an enraged grizzly. That the vaquero's horse was trained for war was proved at San Pasqual in 1846, when the Californians (the majority of those who fought that battle were Sonorans, however) made a brave defense, with reatas and lances, against a seasoned regiment of United States troops.

When the Yankees came around the Horn in sailing ships to California, the *paisano*, the native, called them *marineros*, or mariners. They were of the best Anglo stock and became pupils of the hard-riding Californians. To their credit let it be said that they loyally adopted the Spanish tradition. They called themselves vaqueros, pronounced it *bukeras*, and later corrupted it to buckaroos.

When the paisano put the New England sea-dog on horseback and taught him the vaquero's trade and the Spanish style of horsemanship, this gringo became the first buckaroo, and while adapting the sober, prosaic Yankee to the Spanish tradition, the paisano took him out of character enough to imbue him with a touch of Don Quixote. The transplanted sea-dog absorbed his teaching so well that he often carried the passion for decorating himself and his horse with silver trappings to further extremes than the proverbially ostentatious paisano. Observe any parade in any western town.

The gringo immigration began in the 1830's and in time these Yankees and their sons and grandsons spread the longhorned Spanish cattle of California from the Mexican border to British Columbia, and from the Pacific to the continental divide.

Their cult of Spanish horsemanship was, as late as 1910, as clean as it was when the first cavalrymen rode into Alta California, and its influence has been so all-prevailing that as long as men ride horses with curb-bits and drive cattle in North America they are paying tribute to the Spaniards.

Draw a line on the map of North America, starting in Old Mexico at the southern tip of the peninsula of Baja California. Draw the line a little south of Culiacan in Sinaloa to the Sierra Madre Occidental, then north through this sierra to the border of the United States where Arizona and New Mexico meet, then along this border to that of Utah and north to the corner of Wyoming. From here follow the western base of the Rocky Mountains into Canada. This is the American West, the territory of the vaquero and buckaroo. Of course the vaquero drove cattle over more territory; but to be

specific we will say three states and one territory in Mexico—Sinaloa, Sonora and Baja California (the state and the territory), and California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Utah, and parts of Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana in the United States. Or, roughly, the part of North America lying west of the Rocky Mountains, and the part of Mexico lying west of the Sierra Madre, from the Tropic of Cancer to Canada.

The vaquero and his counterpart, the buckaroo, plied their trade from the Hawaiian Islands to the prairies of central North America, where he was taken to rope buffalo. *A palate-bit man first, last, and forever, while pursuing his calling, he never forgot, wherever he found himself, that merit lay not only in what he did, but also in how he did it.*

Those who wrote of early California are unanimous in saying that the vaquero's skill was marvelous, and although this subject does not come within the scope of this work—nor does the author feel qualified to expatiate on the general history of California—it must be said in passing that, unfortunately, these writers copy each other in saying that the Californian lost his lands and cattle to the gringos as a consequence of his love for ease and gambling. This is an unjust slander. There is no truth in it.

When the gringo took over the land, the paisano—if he did not migrate to Mexico, Chile, or Spain—gathered what few cattle were left to him and disappeared into the most distant and isolated places he could find in the West, as far away from the marauding bands of gringos as he could get. Where is he now? Ask the lonely canyons and deserts of the far places. They could tell if they could talk.

So much for the vaquero; let us return to the cowboy.

The cowboy still exists. He can be found at any of the numerous "rodeos" staged in many cities and towns of the United States. This rodeo is not a "gathering of cattle." That was the original meaning of the word. The rodeo is now a stylized performance to which admission is charged. Bucking horses and Brahman bulls are ridden and calves and steers are roped against time in this rodeo by men who are called "cowboys."

These cowboys are not herders of cattle, they are rodeo followers. They have more the character of performers than of herdsmen. Some of these cowboys may have come originally from a ranch, but more often than not they have never worked on one.

Although the rodeo had its birth in the southern states, modern rodeo performers come from every state in the Union. One top performer learned to ride bucking horses on a dude ranch in the Adirondacks of New York.

These men are an aberration. Their calling serves no useful purpose and is more brutal than that of the bullfighter. However, in justice to the rodeo cowboy, it must be said that he can ride anything that wears hair, the worst bucking horses and the meanest Brahman bulls, and he is afraid of nothing but an ambulance. Although conversationally the present-day rider does not compare with the "old time" rider, the records and the size of today's horses prove the reverse.

This cowboy is indebted to the Negro for his culture. The African was a herdsman in his native habitat. The African status symbol was cattle. It still is in many parts of Africa. The Negro handled great herds of cattle and made a virtue of necessity to develop methods of handling cattle without a horse. Some

of the practices of today's rodeo come directly from Africa and are in use there to this day.

The original cowboy came from the Atlantic seaboard and was frequently a Negro or poor white who was not always supplied with a horse by his cavalier master. As a result, the system of bulldogging, flanking, working cattle in closepens and chutes—and the sports of the rodeo arena—were developed. The fastidious vaquero or buckaroo called this "wallowing in manure."

When the United States took possession of the vast territory east of New Mexico and north of the Rio Grande, the Anglo from the South (as always in our reference, this is a loose term, since there was a heavy Scotch and German migration into that part of the Union) found himself in possession of vast herds of cattle which he could have for the taking.

When he came to work these cattle, some writers would have us believe, he would not adopt the Mexican's way of working because of his hatred of Mexicans. Actually he adopted all he could, the two-cinch saddle of central Mexico, the lazo, and the curb-bit.

The bondsman dumped from the English convict ships was a snaffle-bit man; he tied his rope, not because of a disregard for consequences, but because he had to have two hands to guide his horse. He could never learn to take turns around the horn to hold a beef. The truth of the matter is that the cowboy adopted the methods he used, not from choice, but from the pressure of circumstances.

The first cowboy was poorly mounted. The horse he rode, contrary to tall tales of wild white stallions, was never more than a pony. The assertion of Will James that the horses of the Pacific Northwest were the best mustangs in North America is true. And it is also true that the mustangs of Texas, New Mexico, and the Mexican states that border the United States were the poorest.

When the first herds of cattle were driven from the Gulf Coast into the Pacific Northwest, it was found that the horses often gained as much as two or three hundred pounds of growth after a year or two there. This was so even when they had, presumably, reached their full growth in Mexico or Texas. Grass and water can do wonders.

While it is treason to depart from the incredible pattern of the "western" yarn immortalized in so much printed matter, it is nevertheless true that the cowboy waving a six-shooter did not win the West. The cowboy never got to the actual geographic West. If

anyone is to have the credit for the winning of the West, it should be the United States Army private.

The cowboy got as far west as central Arizona. There he met the buckaroo. There the two systems—one Spanish, the other African—clashed.

It was in the nature of things that when the West Coast rider met the Gulf Coast rider there would be friction. The buckaroo looked down on the man who would dismount and wrestle cattle afoot while his horse stood around with its reins dragging in the dirt.

Ironically, it was the Anglo rider representing each system who upheld the superiority of his way of working cattle and handling a horse; this to the great astonishment of the tolerant paisano.

The West Coast rider abhorred the plain equipment of the Gulf Coast rider; in it he found no silver, no beauty, no pride in possession or profession. The Afro-Anglo idiom jarred with the Hispanic-Anglo terms. Besides, the low port bits favored by the cowboy spoiled horses' mouths.

The buckaroo and the cowboy quarreled and quite often fought. The excuse was that one used a single-cinch saddle and the other used a double-cinch saddle, or that one used a high- and the other a low-port bit.

It makes a man stop and think about the actual history of our West when he pictures two men fighting, one Anglo fighting another Anglo, one for a culture he got from the Spaniard, and the other for a culture he got from the Negro. These clashes did not occur on the Gulf Coast or on the Pacific Coast, but in Arizona, Nevada, and Montana. And it is a fact that the many fights and quarrels which resulted from these differences of opinion were not fought by the Hispanic Californian on the one hand and the Negro on the other; the contending Anglo riders were descended from Yankee stock on the one hand and from Southerners on the other. However, this was the general case. There were all sorts of exceptions to the rule. The men who were on one side of the fence or the other were not all descendants of Yankees or southerners. And one fine old gentleman, to whom I am indebted for much of this material—a staunch old buckaroo whose lip still curls at the sight of a "rimmy," a two-cinch saddle—is a grandson of Tennesseans.

Just remember that the environment of the old time cattle ranch was a close one. It bred strong loyalties.

[*This article is excerpted from* The Vaquero, *to be published spring, 1964, by McNally and Loftin, and distributed by Lane Book Company.*]

Forthcoming Articles

Exciting, readable, yet scholarly articles are scheduled for the summer (August) issue of The American West.

Helena Huntington Smith in *The "Lord" of Powder River* tells the story of Moreton Frewen, the English "gentleman" who bought the famous 76 brand, along with a huge herd of cattle, and built a log "castle" on Powder River. The coming of fences, settlers, and high living was Frewen's downfall.

Roger R. Olmsted presents a picture story of *The Master Mariners' Regatta: Workboat Racing on San Francisco Bay* in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

Benjamin Sacks, *Sylvester Mowry: Artilleryman, Libertine, Entrepreneur.* Arizona owes a great debt to the flamboyant and controversial promoter of mining and civil government in early territorial days.

William Gardner Bell, *Frontier Lawman.* Frank M. Canton, born Joseph Horner, epitomizes the westerner who served both sides of the law.

Martin Ridge in *Why They Went West* tells the story of economic opportunity on the trans-Mississippi frontier, the lure and motive for westward migration.

Geography and History in the Arid West

In the desert the heedless died
solo, sin amigo y sin sacerdote.

BY RONALD L. IVES

Many people, exposed to the "traditional" history class concerned largely with captains, kings, laws, treaties, and dates, may wonder just what connection, if any, there is between history and geography. This puzzlement will be particularly great if their only exposure to geography was in the "classical" grammar-school course in which the state boundaries, principal rivers, and supposed occupations were memorized with little or no understanding.

A few of the more enlightened school districts attempted to integrate geography with the physical and social sciences, with the result that various pious warnings about the immorality of the natives in (you name the place) were inflicted on the students, along with some descriptions of the supposed moral, hygienic, and religious shortcomings of the early explorers and settlers. Various vague, naive, and incorrect ideas of earth structure were sometimes imposed upon the classes by teachers who didn't understand them either.

An appreciable percentage of the students of a generation past, bored and disgusted with the uninspired teaching of subject matter better presented in a cheap pocket atlas, stopped cluttering their minds with the assigned material and spent their geography periods absorbing the latest exploits of Nick Carter or other affordable gems of contemporary literature skillfully concealed in their massive geography texts. Many of them were permanently vaccinated against the subject and never did learn any geography.

Fortunately for the modern historian there exists

View northward in Skull Valley, from the old stage road. Rounded hill on center horizon is pilot knob, a "stack" in prehistoric Lake Bonneville. The small apparent "streaks of water" toward the horizon are not potable, being typical inferior mirages

SUMMARY MAP OF THE COLORADO DRAINAGE AND SURROUNDING AREAS, SHOWING LOCATIONS OF DESCRIBED TRAILS AND SITES

ALL PHOTOS AND MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

an entirely different and highly useful brand of geography—the science of environments. This is concerned with the forms of the land, the relation of these land forms to the climate and weather, and the most probable life forms in the various environmental regimes. Environmental geography will tell us, with considerable hope of accuracy, whether a given section of land will produce three crops of alfalfa annually with hope of a handsome profit, or whether the only possible crop will consist of tumbleweeds and dust-devils of negative cash value.

This science of environments at the present time is most unfortunately fractionated. In most college curricula the fundamental knowledge will be found in courses labeled *physical geography*, *geomorphology*, *climatology*, *meteorology*, *plant ecology*, and *logistics*. Because it is essential not only to know what areas have what attributes but also to locate these areas specifically and to communicate this knowledge to others, we should add *navigation* and *cartography* to this list. Unhappily, most of these rather basic courses have rigorous prerequisites, such as *plane geometry*, *solid geometry*, *algebra*, *plane trigonometry*, *spherical trigonometry*, *astronomy*, and *statistics*.

From this partial list it should be obvious that the science of environments is a much more difficult and more interesting study than the "classical" grammar-school geography promulgated a generation ago. Mastery of this subject requires highly competent, if not inspired teaching and extremely hard work on the part of the student. Teaching effectiveness is multiplied by a large factor if the classroom work is accompanied or followed by field work and travel.

The extensive records of the exploration and settlement of the western part of our continent are replete with examples of sound understanding of environmental conditions and of effective use of those that were favorable. A grim sort of natural selection was at work here—those who did not understand environmental conditions and who could not learn rapidly usually didn't live long enough to leave written records.

Because most of western North America is arid with average potential evaporation far exceeding average actual rainfall, the most important environmental condition, now and in the past, is "falta de agua." This lack of water has left a deep mark not only on the terrain but also on the human cultures established on it. Even today with our extensive irrigation systems, many a western farmer complains that he is a slave to his headgate.

Contrary to most popular writings, it seems probable that the water barrel and canteen, rather than the "Peacemaker" and repeating rifle, were the most important implements in the settlement of our frontiers. Likewise, more pioneers probably died of thirst than from the combined effects of "lead poisoning" and "instantaneous baldness."

Let us consider this environmental situation briefly, using as our first example the Salt Lake Desert wagon trail as it was a century ago. This trail began in Salt Lake City, located near the northeastern limit of the Great Basin. This is a physiographic province so arid that none of its rivers reach the sea. All flow into landlocked sinks, of which Salt Lake is the largest. Here the waters evaporate, leaving behind their residue of silt and dissolved salts. During the Ice Ages, when rainfall was more plentiful and evaporation less, most of these sinks contained great lakes with outflow to the sea. The Great Salt Lake basin at that time was occupied by Lake Bonneville, graphically described in G. K. Gilbert's magnum opus (1890) of the same name. The outlet then was to the north into the Snake River drainage. Various beaches of Lake Bonneville, some almost a thousand feet above the present level of Great Salt Lake, are plainly visible on the flanks of the surrounding mountains. The first objective clue to the former existence of this lake was supplied by Silvestre Velez de Escalante in 1776, who concluded correctly from the presence of small shells (now known as *Lymnaea bonnevillensis*), that the area east of Sevier Lake "seems to have once had a larger lake than the present one."

Travel westward through this area today, mostly over U. S. Highway 40, which takes a fairly direct course over the ancient bed of Lake Bonneville, is quite easy, thanks to forty miles of fill on the flats of salt and salt-veneered "liquid goo," which made the area impassible in earlier times. The Nevada line can be reached by car in about three hours—slightly less if your foot is heavy. The geographic problems of the modern route are negligible, and no stops for any reason are normally needed between the outskirts of Salt Lake City and some place in Nevada.

A century ago the picture was different. Travel from Salt Lake City to the Nevada line was usually by wagon and was made difficult by problems of very bad

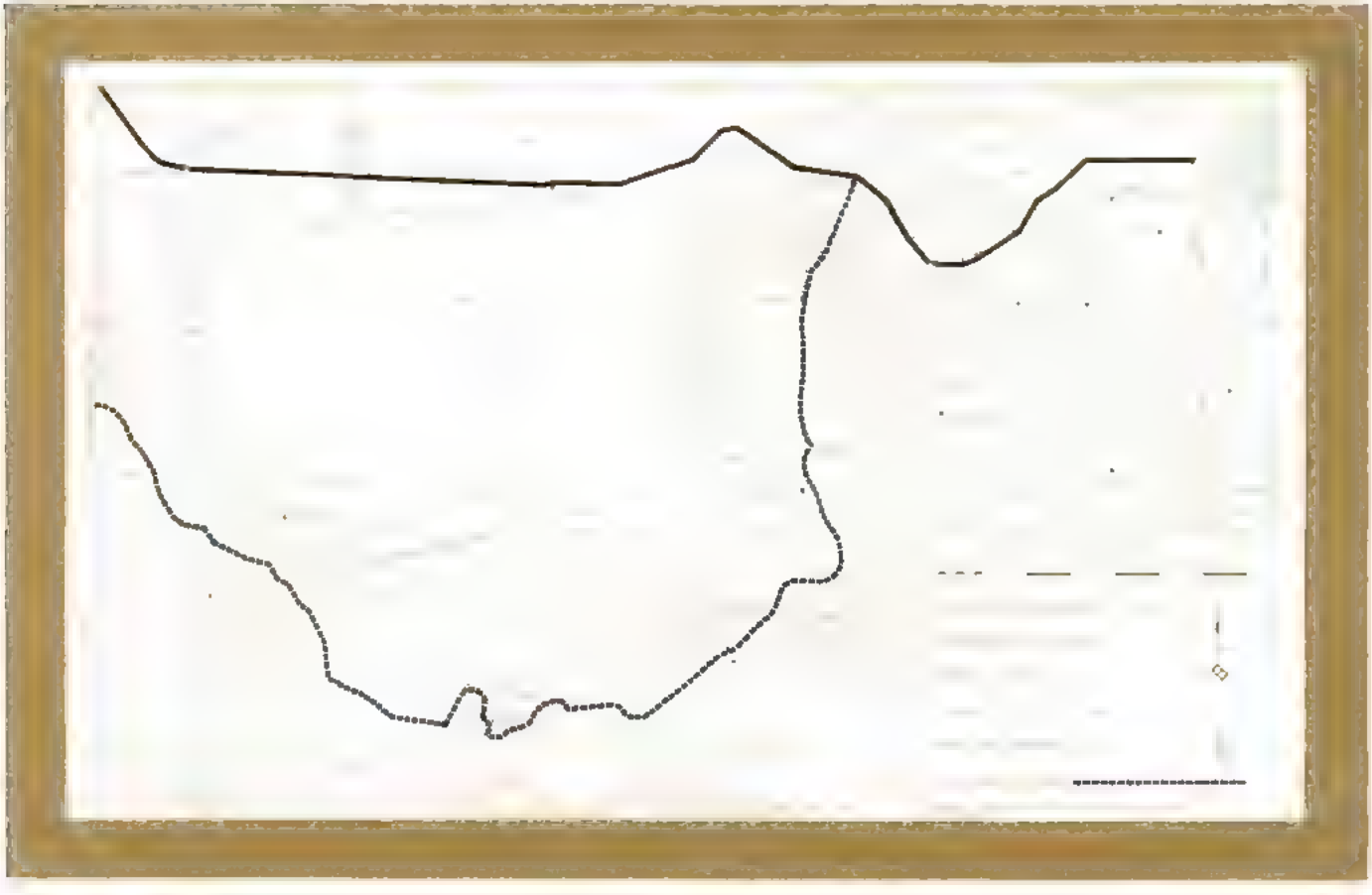
roads, shortages of water and forage, intermittently hostile Indians, and by occasional violent storms of blowing salt and sand. The customary westward route from Salt Lake City left the present (1960) alignment of U. S. Highway 40 at the north end of the Stansbury Mountains, followed a snaketrack course to the head of Skull Valley, and thence circled around the southern margin of the salt flats to a point northwest of Callao. Southerly detours were necessary east and west of the Fish Springs Range to avoid ground too soft for wagon wheels.

Water and forage were available at Big Spring (Timpie), at several points en route to Iosepa ("Kanaka Ranch") and the Skull Valley Indian Reservation, at Orr's Ranch, at Simpson Springs, at Fish Springs, and at Callao. The Orr's Ranch and Fish Springs sites could always be depended upon for both water and forage; some of the others tended to be "chancy." Kipling's explorer, who "headed on for lack of water, and headed back for lack of grass," had many counterparts on the Salt Lake wagon trail.

Digging of a well in the Old River Bed shortened the long dry haul between Simpson Springs and Fish Springs somewhat (when the well water was potable), but a dry camp was usually still necessary on this leg of the journey, which included Dugway Pass. This was not improved much in those days so that "double teaming" was usually necessary to get loaded wagons across it. It was customary to lay over for a day or so at Fish Springs, about a week out of Salt Lake City, to rest the livestock. The women-folk usually did the accumulated laundry in the hot flumes at this camp, while the older men relieved their "rheumatics" by soaking in the hot mineral waters. The animals gorged themselves on the lush marsh grasses which cover several acres near the numerous springs.

Beyond Callao the trail crossed the north end of the

SUMMARY MAP OF A PART OF THE GREAT BASIN, SHOWING COURSES OF ANCIENT (1860) AND MODERN (1960) ROUTES FROM SALT LAKE CITY



Deep Creek Range through Overland Canyon, which gave access to the valley of Deep Creek, a dependable source of potable water at all seasons. From Deep Creek a number of trails went northwestward to intersect tributaries of the Humboldt River, which was followed westward to the sinks on the east side of the Sierra Nevada.

A number of alternative routes existed in the area, but all were equally difficult, and all were afflicted with lengthy detours to avoid bad going, including sand dunes, salt marshes, and badly rippled clay flats.

Because of the climatic and other difficulties of this trail, a great mass of legend and folklore has grown up about it. Some of the tales indicate keen and accurate observation; others contain a large "Ananias factor." Sargeant Liebowitz' report of seeing the train "going across the desert up-side-down" is a factual report of a mirage which recurs in the area; but urine does not freeze instantaneously there in the winter, nor do Coke bottles melt out of shape in the summer sun.

Along the Salt Lake wagon trail the geographic influence is most marked, for the entire route was determined by availability of water and forage and by the trafficability of the desert floor, most of which is the old bed of Lake Bonneville.

This first example has been used because most of the area is today well mapped, and all important sites can be reached in a short time by jeep from Salt Lake City. Many important camp sites on this wagon route, some

Gilbert's "Old River Bed," midway between Simpson Springs and Dugway Pass, in the Salt Lake Desert. This ancient channel, which once joined the lakes in the Salt Lake and Sevier Basins, was and is an obstruction to travel across the desert. During stagecoach days, a stage station was built at a shallow well in right center, which produced a brownish, brackish fluid, potable in an emergency.

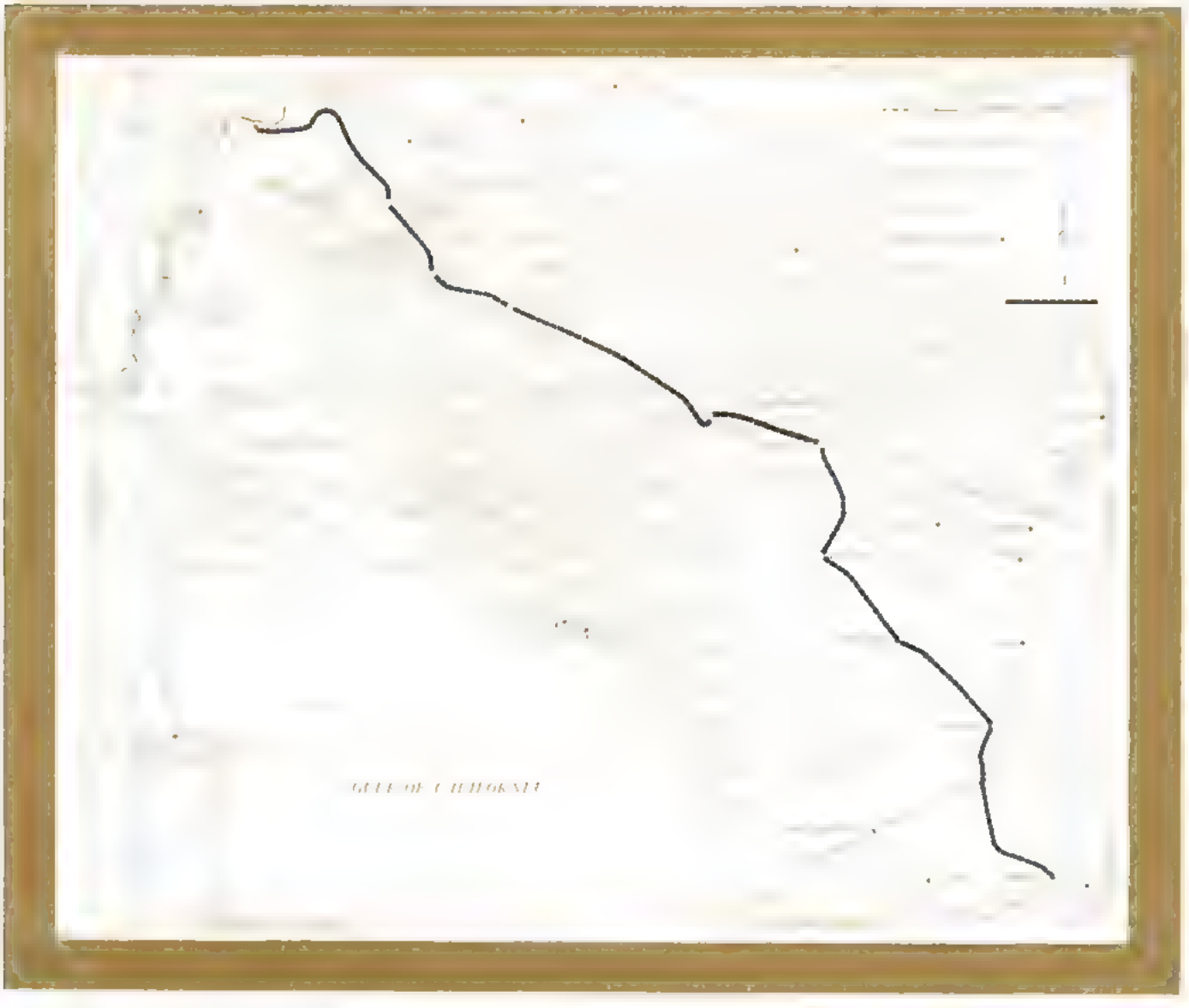
The hot flume at Fish Springs, Utah (1943). Laundry left in this stream of hot mineral water washes beautifully clean overnight (but falls apart in a week or so). Within a few thousand feet at Fish Springs are various pools of water ranging from cold and potable to very hot and cathartic. The hot mineral waters here are reputed to relieve the aches and pains of rheumatism, and several short-lived health resorts have been established here.

sections of which were also used by the Pony Express, are marked by historical monuments.

Now let us shift our sights from the relatively mild Salt Lake Desert to the much more arid region along the U. S.–Mexican border. Here, are located two of the most difficult and dangerous trails in arid North America—the Jornada del Muerte, roughly between El Paso and Socorro, and the Camino del Diablo, between Caborca and Yuma. The danger of travel along the Jornada del Muerte was increased by Apache raids.

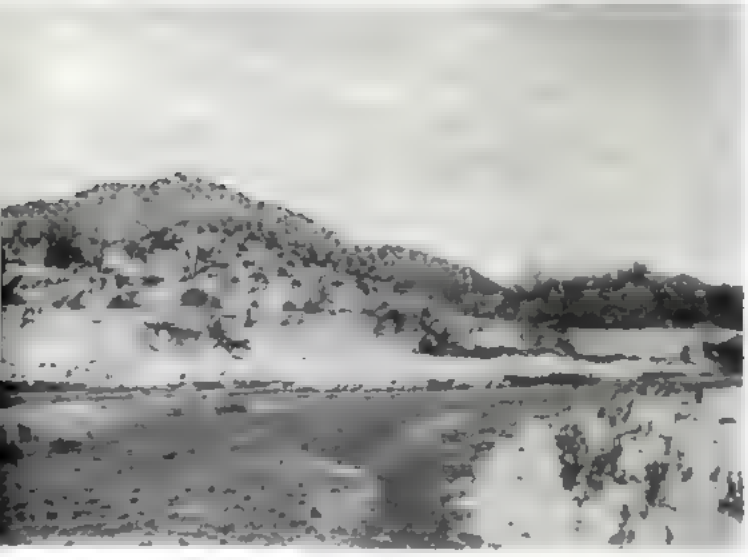
Concentrating on the Camino del Diablo, we find that this was an ancient trail, well known to the Papago and Hohokam people long before Melchior Diaz used it in 1540–41. Although named "The Road of the Devil," most of those who explored and mapped it were either dedicated career soldiers or saintly missionaries. Along this two-hundred-odd mile path from Caborca on the Rio Magdalena to Yuma, near the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, there were only four completely dependable watering places. These, as most students

SUMMARY MAP OF THE LANDS ABOUT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA, SHOWING COURSE OF THE CAMINO DEL DIABLO



Ruins of Kino's Mission San Marcelo Sonoitac, about one mile east of the present town of Sonoyta, Sonora, Mexico. Cross marks the grave of the martyr, Rev. Enrique Ruhen, S. J., murdered by raiders during the Pima Revolt of 1751. Stooping figure in the foreground is Ygnacio C. Quiroz, who excavated the ruins in 1908, and communicated his findings to interested historians.

Agua Dulce, a dependable watering place one day's march west of Sonoyta. This is approximately the same site as Kino's "El Carrizal" camp, but the canebrake which gave the site its name has now dried out, due to continued down-cutting of the river. Just upstream is Agua Salada, most suitably named and about a mile downstream is Los Pozitos, a series of little wells excavated by Cipriano Ortega to supply water for his cattle about 1890.



of the region know, were Quitovac, Sonoyta, El Carrizal, and Tinajas Altas.

Between Caborca and Quitovac there were a number of places where water could sometimes be obtained—usually by digging in the bed of a dry wash. In more than one instance when water was so found after much hard labor, it was so foul that the animals wouldn't drink it. Forage was scanty along this route so that layovers at Sonoyta to rest the animals were a usual feature of expeditions to the country of the Yumas.

Quitovac, called *itac bac* by the Papagos, and broadly translated as *springfield*, was an important historic site long before white men came to the New World. Here, in the time "when God was a little boy, before Santo Cristo was born," Iitoi, a tribal culture-hero, fought with, and killed a fearsome monster. Giant bones, supposedly those of this monster, are still found in the calcareous deposits around the small water hole. Most of them are those of the Imperial Mammoth, which apparently made a last stand at Quitovac during the drying period after the Wisconsin glacial retreat.

Sonoyta, called *shon itac* by the Papagos, translated as *spring hill*, is now, and was in the past, an oasis town and transportation center. Here, the irrigated fields, watered by the continuous flow of the Sonoyta River, have supported several hundred people for considerably more than a thousand years. All friendly visitors to the community have found food, water, and grass for their animals and hospitality since the beginning of legendary history.

Father Kino founded Mission San Marcelo Sonoitac here about 1700. The mission was destroyed in 1751 by Pima raiders from the east, who murdered the resident priest, Father Enrique Ruhen, S.J. The ruins of the mission and the grave of the martyr, cared for by the residents "as one of their own," are still visible. The local economy was greatly stimulated by new crops and livestock brought into the area by Father Kino.

One day's ride west of Sonoyta is El Carrizal, an important watering place from very ancient times up until the completion of the paved road from Sonoyta to San Luis in 1955. In Kino's time (1700), this was an extensive canebrake. Some time after 1781 and before 1870, the river changed its course, deepening the channel so that the canebrake now has almost vanished. Replacing it are three water holes—Agua Salada, Agua Dulce, and Los Pozitos, the latter an "improved" water

hole attributed to Cipriano Ortega, who reputedly dug it out about 1890. Only the water at Agua Dulce is potable under ordinary circumstances.

Between Sonoyta and El Carrizal is Quitovaquita, a sheltered camping place on the north side of the Sonoyta River with a good and slightly warm spring. This was little visited by travelers along the Camino del Diablo but was an important small Indian settlement and was the last home of a small band of Areñero Papagos, who were driven out of their ancestral lands at Pinacate by a combination of drought and disease slightly less than a century ago. Their leader, Jose Juan Orozco, lived well into the present century and communicated much of his tribal lore and history to Mexican friends in Sonoyta.

From El Carrizal it is sixty miles by trail to Tinajas Altas; and the miles are long and difficult, for the trail winds over beds of volcanic ash, parts of the Pinacate Lava Field, and through a maze of sand- and gravel-choked desert valleys. More than two and a half centuries ago, Father Kino located two additional water holes along this route—Heart Tank and Tule Tank. The former, which was originally called Aguaje de la Luna, was so difficult of access that a stone causeway was built to it by hand labor so that the horses could get to the water. Tule Tank had a bad habit of being dry when the water was most needed and was avoided by many for superstitious reasons. Here, on windy nights can be heard the legendary Tule Bells, which reputedly toll an endless dirge for those who have died in this desert—"*solo, sin amigo y sin sacerdote*." Field investigations, largely the work of the late Ygnacio Quiroz, show that the nocturnal moanings are caused by wind blowing through the granite pinnacles above the tank.

Tinajas Altas is a series of plunge pools on the southeastern flank of the Gila Range. Although there is no record that Tinajas Altas has ever gone completely dry, the water is so difficult of access that many travelers found it necessary to carry water down to their animals, who drank out of pans prepared for the purpose. More than one desert traveler, too weak to climb to the tanks, died of thirst within smelling distance of the water.

Between Tinajas Altas and the Gila River are several small water holes of questionable dependability and marginal potability. Father Kino stopped many times at Dripping Springs, about fifteen miles north of Tinajas Altas. Don Pedro Fages used water several times from Pozos de en Medio, a few miles from Tinajas Altas and made extensive use of Pozas de San Miguel, a temporary water hole in Coyote Wash on the northeast side of the Wellton Hills. Apparently this water hole remained dependable for some time because members of the Fages party deepened the pool at each visit.

Juan Bautista de Anza, while scouting the trail which eventually led to San Francisco, used another water hole, Agua Escondida, on the west side of the Gila Range, approximately twelve miles northwest of Tinajas Altas and accessible from there by a narrow pass through the Gila Range. This shortened his journey by thirty miles but made the last lap from Agua Escondida to the Colorado River a very long dry march over the shifting sands of the Yuma Desert.

Interestingly, during the first two hundred fifty years of the history of this trail, there were only two casualties —Captain Melchior Diaz, who died of injuries received near Cerro Prieto, Lower California, and Father Manuel Gonzalez, who died of "bloody flux." After 1800, however, more than five hundred travelers are known to have died along the same route, many of them within a few miles of Tinajas Altas.

From this brief summary of the environment of the Camino del Diablo, some of the apparently illogical actions of the pioneer missionaries and explorers can be seen in a different light. Many of their circuitous routes were not the result of "coming out lost," but were rigidly dictated by the environment, specifically by water supply, availability of forage, and trafficability of the desert floor. Those who traveled from water hole to water hole and knew where the water holes were lived to report their travels, and these reports are now valued historical documents. Those who did not pay close attention to the locations of water holes died somewhere in the desert and became part of the paleontological record.

Against this background of a dry and hostile environment, the long moonlight rides of Father Kino, of Juan Bautista de Anza, and of Pedro Fages no longer seem to be capricious acts of eccentrics but are plainly intelligent and successful attempts to cover a maximum of miles with a minimum of water. The voluminous references in most of the Spanish documents to streams, wells, water holes, and "the condition of the animals" do not indicate the existence of a widespread "drought psychosis" in pioneer days but obviously show that the authors were keenly aware of the environmental prob-

lems which they faced almost daily.

In almost any study of the history of western North America, the documentary record will be augmented and clarified by a careful consideration of the environmental conditions of the place and time. In fact, some of our most interesting documents, such as the diaries of Father Garces, are virtually incomprehensible unless read with repeated references to detailed maps and terrain descriptions. In some instances the errors in ancient geographies are just as important as their correct features. Until we know that he was seeking the nonexistent Rio Buenaventura, much of the work of John C. Frémont seems pointless, if not irrational.

In a similar manner, the teaching of history and the understandability of historical books will be markedly improved by the inclusion of pertinent maps and photographs. Until, for example, we know something definite about the topography of the Modoc Lava Flows, the history of the Modoc War looks surprisingly like a sickening example of governmental incompetence. However, when we see a few pictures of the contorted and cavernous lava flows there and realize that they cover many square miles, it becomes plain that Captain Jack, the Modoc leader, was a master strategist, and that the U. S. Cavalry was doing the best that it could under highly adverse conditions.

The outstanding pioneer in the use of environmental data to clarify historical presentations was Herbert E. Bolton, whose voluminous works are deservedly on the required reading lists of most history departments. Bolton had practically no formal training in the environmental sciences but repeatedly demonstrated laudable good sense in evaluating geographic problems. He made a few mistakes, it is true, but the important question in regard to Bolton's work is not "why did he make a few mistakes?" but "how did he get so many things right?" This can be answered in part only when it is realized that, in addition to his demonstrated competence in archival research, Bolton was also one of the founders of the "go and see" school of historical research. When he wrote about a historical site, whether it was the mission ruins at Sonoyta, the mouth of the Colorado, or the gorges of the Rio Cadegomo, he was not copying someone else's description but was writing from direct personal knowledge.

History, when presented without consideration of the environment, is much like an opera presented on a bare stage; something is missing. When competently presented with pertinent environmental data, it is likely to be live, dynamic, and intensely interesting. Few people, for example, will become bored while reading Bolton's *Rim of Christendom*, or *Outpost of Empire*, or Douglas Martin's *Yuma Crossing;* for these works present history with pertinent "stage sets."

The Sonoyta River, at the old crossing just north of Sonoyta, Sonora, Mexico. This short stretch of river is the only continuously-flowing water between the Rio de la Concepcion in Sonora and the Gila River in Arizona.

The history of any human group is actually the record of its response to changes in the physical, social, or psychological environment. When the environment does not change, the culture tends to become completely static, and its history degenerates into "a string of begats." When, as happened in North America, a partially stabilized culture transplants itself from a relatively mild and well-watered environment into a distinctly harsh and arid land, marked cultural and social changes must be made rapidly as a matter of survival. Human modifications of the environment to increase comfort and security will follow later in a dynamic culture. Whether we regard these environmental changes as a beneficent stimulus or as a millstone hung about our necks, we still must consider the environment if we are to understand clearly what has happened in the past, what is happening now, and what may happen in the future.

About the Authors

Walter Rundell, Jr., *a native of Texas, is assistant executive secretary of the American Historical Association. He was one of the "Founding Fathers" of the Western History Association and still serves on its Council. He is the author of a number of articles, several dealing with World War II military history. His book,* Black Market Money, *is to be published by Louisiana State University Press, spring, 1964.*

Samuel W. Taylor *has published several hundred fiction and nonfiction magazine pieces and ten books, the best known being* The Man with My Face *and* Family Kingdom. *He has written a stage play, has done radio, TV, and motion picture scripts, the most famous of which is the story for Disney's* Absent Minded Professor.

J. S. Holliday, *former assistant director of the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, is assistant professor of history at San Francisco State College and author of a forthcoming book on the California gold rush.*

Arnold R. Rojas, *a California-born descendant of Spanish and Indian forebears and raised among the vaqueros, spent thirty-five years riding the ranges of California's Great Central Valley. During this time he studied the English and Spanish literary classics. Since then he has published numerous articles and several books.*

John G. Cawelti *teaches American literature and cultural history at the University of Chicago. He has published articles on topics ranging from Herman Melville and Henry James to Horatio Alger and the Western, and was co-author of the anthology* Sources of the American Republic. *He is currently working on a book on the idea of success in American culture.*

Ronald L. Ives *has been a geological surveyor in the Colorado Rockies, research electrician for Douglas Aircraft, meteorologist with the Signal Corps, university instructor, and is currently research associate with Metronics Associates in Palo Alto. He has published various technical works in the fields of earth sciences, applied electronics, meteorology, anthropology, and history.*

WESTERN BOOKS

The Wide West

■ THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST. *Editor-in-Chief,* **Jay Monaghan.** *Art Director,* **Clarence Hornung** *(New York, Julian Messner, 1963. 608 pp. Illustrations, maps, additional reading, index. $22.50).*

The American West, continental in size, varied in climate and geography, has existed as a dream and a goal since America began. So vast and varied, it defies a single description or definition; yet to every man it has a meaning, and for every man it evokes an image. *The Book of the American West*, while written by a very competent group of historians, writers, and authorities on the West, obviously was not written for specialists but for a large audience of interested laymen both young and old. Jay Monaghan and Clarence Hornung, along with nine other writers, have put together a history of the West from the earliest times to the end of the frontier. Defined as that portion of the continental United States between the short grass country of the Great Plains and the Pacific and between Canada and Mexico, it is an area empire wide.

The ten authors, all outstanding writers in their own specialities, are Dale Morgan, Oscar Winther, Oscar Lewis, Don Russell, Wayne Gard, Ramon F. Adams, Robert Easton, Natt N. Dodge, B. A. Botkin, and Clarence Hornung. Both in time and space, they cover the field from explorers and mountain men to transportation, mining, Indians and soldiers, outlaws and lawmen, cowboys and horses, guns, wild life, western folklore, concluding with a gallery of western art. The lover of the works of Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bodmer, Bierstadt, Moran, and many others will find them reproduced here in great profusion.

Even in this day of inflation, $22.50 is a lot of money for a book, but Messner's *The Book of the American West* is a lot of book at any price. Physically it is a big book, nearly five and a half pounds worth. More than six hundred pages thick, it contains hundreds of prints, paintings, and historic map reproductions. Handsomely bound and fitted with an attractive dust jacket, the book will grace any desk, shelf, or coffee table.

A. R. Mortensen, University of Utah

■ MANIFEST DESTINY AND MISSION IN AMERICAN HISTORY: A REINTERPRETATION. **By Frederick Merk.** *With the collaboration of Lois Bannister Merk (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1963. xi + 266 + xii pp. Index. $5.95).*

In this significant book Professor and Mrs. Merk appraise American public opinion on expansionistic projects in the United States in the nineteenth century. Based on extensive research in newspapers, congressional records, the papers of public figures, and on many secondary sources, the book analyzes the period of the Mexican War (1846–48) shortly after the term "Manifest Destiny" was coined. Later instances of Manifest Destiny are discussed much more briefly.

It is as though the Merks ask, "Were Americans imperialistic?"—and they reply with a definite "no!" The authors refer to the movement in the 1840's for the annexation of "All Mexico," and they show that this definitely would have been an aberration in American policy. Mexican territory in Texas and Upper California, plus

intervening New Mexico—here one can make an honest case for Manifest Destiny, amoral but forthright. The same in Oregon. This was not true imperialism. The annexation of the Mexican heartland, or Yucatán, simply would not work, however, in spite of the strenuous efforts of a vociferous few to make the national boundaries coincide with the rim of the continent. That plainly would have been imperialism. The difference rests on the fact that *land* was the leading consideration from Texas to Oregon, while a large alien *population* was involved in the other area. Fifty years later we did acquire the Philippines through an unusual set of circumstances, but our true, basic sentiment was reflected in the self-denying Teller Amendment which applied to Cuba, and in due course we similarly untied the bonds that attached the Pacific islands to us.

No serious flaw will be found with the scholarship behind the book. On the level of interpretation, the authors protest too much that Manifest Destiny was not nationalistic. It is true that Manifest Destiny in the 1840's was carried through by men who championed state's rights federalism, the natural antithesis of nationalism. Political movements, like womankind, however, must have the capacity to thrive on contradictions! I think it was the peculiar genius of American nineteenth-century nationalism to encompass an honest and strong belief in federalism and, at least before the Civil War, state sovereignty. Without the deep concern for state's rights we would not have had the Civil War; without the genuine nationalistic feeling we would not have survived it as a nation. Pursuing this concept, I differ with the Merks' conclusion that Manifest Destiny was not a true expression of the nation's spirit. The difference is one more of definition than of substance, however.

I would query the author's characterization of the 1840's as being "poetic," but in general their similes are apt and sometimes striking: Manifest Destiny like "a bomb wrapped up in idealism"; and, speaking of the originator of the phrase *Manifest Destiny*, "Clearly, the charms of California were too much for a young man whose virtue had no other support than cold theory."

John Porter Bloom,
National Park Service, Washington, D. C.

■ THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK. *Book Ten. Limited edition of 525 copies (Los Angeles Corral, 1963. 241 pp. Illustrations, maps, end-paper illustrations, index. $15.00 members, $20.00 nonmembers).*

Let us now praise the Westerners who, in corrals across the land and abroad, have undertaken such splendid and significant works in digging out neglected history, following the trails, encouraging art and scholarship, and publishing important articles that keep alive the West as it actually was.

Brand Book Number Ten from the Los Angeles Corral richly illustrates the contributions being made by the Westerners. The art of the late Clarence Ellsworth is featured, and there are thirteen additional articles covering a wide range of subject matter—gold rush, the Navajo wars, by sea to Arizona, Liliuokalani, tin mining in California, and the burro prospector. The whole book bears the brand of the Los Angeles Corral—design, art work, authorship, and printing. A handsome, permanent book.

Man and Nature

■ THE LAST REDWOODS: PHOTOGRAPHS AND STORY OF A VANISHING SCENIC RESOURCE. **By Philip Hyde** *and* **Francois Leydet.** *Foreword by Stewart L. Udall. Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series, No. 6 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1963. 127 pp. Foldout map, bibliography. $17.50).*

Time is running out for the Sequoias of the northern California coast, a great natural resource and scenic treasure beyond price. The public, which may have thought the trees were "saved," will be shocked to learn that the redwood groves are dwindling rapidly before chainsaw and freeway. This beautiful book, containing eighty pages of photographs—eight pages in color—is about the redwood trees, the unique kind of forest in which they grow, and the history of lumbering and preservation. Questions are raised regarding the realities of "tree farms" and "selective cutting," and the safety of the "saved." In a distinguished text the authors say that

the time is here for federal acquisition if the *Sequoia sempervirens*, the ever-living, is to live on.

■ LAND AND LIFE: A SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARL ORTWIN SAUER. *Edited* by **John Leighly** (*Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1963. vi + 435 pp. Portrait, index. $8.95*).

This is a sampling of the writings through nearly fifty years of a distinguished geographer at the University of California, Berkeley. Among other things, he writes of pioneers on the prairies, the impact of Spain on the Southwest and Mexico, the natural environment and cultural history, and historical geography.

■ ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO YOSEMITE: THE VALLEY, THE RIM, AND THE CENTRAL YOSEMITE SIERRA, AND MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHY. **By Virginia** *and* **Ansel Adams** (*San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1963. 191 pp. Illustrations, maps, diagrams, endpaper map, appendixes, index. $2.95 Paper, $4.75 Cloth*).

A practical guide to mountain photography, roads, trails, the High Sierra, services, sports, and history, designed particularly for the follower of the trails. Forty-five pages of Ansel Adams photographs.

Overland

■ OVERLAND IN 1846: DIARIES AND LETTERS OF THE CALIFORNIA-OREGON TRAIL. *Edited* by **Dale Morgan** (*2 vols., Georgetown, California, Talisman Press, 1963. 1–457, 458–825 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendix, notes, index. $20.00*).

From Dale Morgan's scholarly pen continue to come highly significant, fundamental works in the history of the American West. This set, the elements of which he has been collecting for twenty years, is a source book for the remarkable overland westward emigration in the year 1846.

The first volume consists of short interrelated personal diaries and a few letters tied together by an introduction to each and by notes and index. The second volume is fashioned from letters and newspaper accounts telling recipients and readers what it was like to go west in 1846. The documents published—from manuscripts and from near inaccessible printed sources—give first-hand details of personal experience: the motivation, tragedy, comedy, adventure, and achievement. New light is shed on familiar names—the Donners, Applegate, Bryant, Clyman, to name a few—and on many obscure persons. Also contained is a facsimile of the extraordinary T. H. Jefferson *Map of the Emigrant Road from Independence . . . to . . . California.*

Dale Morgan has written a solid introduction that places the year's emigration in the perspective of its times. Everyone interested in the westward movement will be grateful to Morgan for the collection. This handsome limited edition won't last long.

■ WESTWARD VISION: THE STORY OF THE OREGON TRAIL. **By David Lavender.** *With illustrations by Marian Ebert. American Trail Series* (*New York, McGraw-Hill, 1963. iv + 424 pp. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. $8.95*).

Although scholars will find little new material here, *Westward Vision* is one of the finest interpretive studies of the Oregon Trail, and was among the better books on the westward movement to come out last year. Crisply written with the verve and spirit this subject demands, it is also accurate, judicious and careful of detail. Lavender's epic study is an excellent and long needed synthesis and will certainly appeal to the general reader.

The book begins with western man's burning desire to find an overland route to the Orient. Long before anyone had heard that magic word *Oregon*, "plucked from heaven knows where," adventurers of many nations were avidly searching with fantastic energy for the way west. Lavender introduces them one by one from Marquette and Jolliet to Jonathan Carver. These fore-

runners he labels Dreamers and Schemers; their significance, he feels, lies in their carrying the westward vision one step further toward the "sea of their desiring."

Next introduced are Lewis and Clark, the Astorians, and the mountain men. Here Lavender is on more familiar ground. He treats Lewis and Clark vividly, the mountain men realistically, and shows a broad and intimate knowledge of the fur trade. The American Fur Company should have received more attention, however, and the single map of the Oregon Trail is grossly inadequate. This latter weakness is somewhat offset by careful geographic descriptions.

The final chapters of the book are devoted to the missionaries and "fiddle-footed" settlers who turned the traders' traces into our most famous national highway. Lavender is particularly incisive when talking of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and their oddly suited traveling companions, but his statement that "more words have been written about them than any other pioneers in our history" will be questioned by students of Brigham Young and the Mormons.

On the whole, *Westward Vision* should have a lasting usefulness because it is both epic and realistic. Although the men and women of the westward vision, "stung by God's gadfly," gloriously conquered a continent amid hosannas and hairbreadth escapes, the author does not neglect to tell of the dirt (Narcissa laundered only thrice in 1,600 miles), the burning heat, choking dust, dissentions, stupidities, and the common problem of diarrhea on plains which offered "neither shelter nor convenient leaves." Why did they do it? Because the "wind from beyond the oak's openings" stirred their blood and whispered that there was something magic just over the western horizon.

James L. Clayton, University of Utah

■ JOSIAH BELDEN, 1841 CALIFORNIA OVERLAND PIONEER: HIS MEMOIR AND EARLY LETTERS. *Edited and with an Introduction* **by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.** *(Georgetown, California, Talisman Press, 1962. Illustrations, end-paper maps, bibliography, index. $6.95).*

Josiah Belden (1815–92) came to California with the Bartleson Party in 1841. He worked at various jobs in California during the last few years of Mexican rule. After the American occupation he amassed a large fortune, chiefly by dealing in real estate. He returned east in 1881 to live in New York City.

In 1878 Belden prepared his memoirs for H. H. Bancroft, and this dictation, together with three letters to his sister (1841–45), are here printed for the first time. The editor has presented the material with commendable care and has added voluminous notes—many of these correcting the factual errors of the original.

As the necessity for such corrections indicates, the memoirs are highly inaccurate—as, indeed, most such memoirs are. When I was working on my study of the California Trail, I examined the Belden manuscript, but found it, generally speaking, useless. When compared with the closer-to-the-source records left by such members of the party as Johns and Bidwell, Belden shows up as wrong so many times that when he presents a detail not elsewhere preserved, one feels hesitant in accepting it.

I would even raise the supposition that the journey of 1841 was such an unpleasant experience for Belden that he largely blotted it out of his mind. In contrast his experiences in Mexican California are vividly presented, and his vignettes of the life are fresh and always attractive with real historical value. I think that young Belden enjoyed himself in those years, and he even writes in a letter, "I have plenty of lively bright-eyed Spanish girls," though adding (perhaps not to shock his sister) "to chat with."

The memoirs include almost nothing about Belden's life after 1849. On the whole he displays himself as a man of no great charm or vigor of personality, though straightforward and honest—even in his frequent use of "I think" to hedge against his imperfect memory.

George R. Stewart, University of California, Berkeley

■ THE OLD TRAILS WEST. **By Ralph Moody** *(New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1963. xiv + 318 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $6.95).*

■ COW-BOYS AND COLONELS: NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE AND OVER THE BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA. **By Edmond Mandat-Grancey.** *Translated by William Conn. Keystone Western Americana Series (Philadelphia and New York, J. B. Lippincott, 1963, xxiv + 352 pp. $2.65 Paper).*

■ THE GOLD RUSH TRAIL AND THE ROAD TO OREGON. **By Todd Webb** (*Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1963. 224 pp. Illustrations, maps, end-paper maps, bibliography, index. $4.95*).

Although Indian trails facilitated white advance, Ralph Moody, in his *Old Trails West*, contends that the animals, especially the prehistoric horse, elk, deer, and buffalo, were the real pathfinders. Their migrations and daily movements were routinized. The location of the paths they used was determined by the courses of the rivers. Generally, he asserts, animals move along routes that offer wide vistas, provide plenty of water and forage, permit reasonably easy travel conditions, and are probably the most direct. In the trans-Mississippi, three principal transcontinental trails influenced the course of all the others. These were the Missouri-Columbia, the Missouri-Platte-Sweetwater-Snake-Columbia, and the Missouri-Kansas-Arkansas-Rio Grande-Gila-Colorado. Choosing eight specific trails, Moody briefly narrates the stories of some of the explorers, fur traders, missionaries, immigrants, freighters, and others who used them.

The boom in Dakota ranching and mining in the late 1870's was a big attraction to foreign investment. A French naval officer and agricultural expert, Galiot François Edmond, Baron de Mandat-Grancey, came to America to find out for himself. After an 1883 summer month in the Black Hills he returned to Paris to write *Dans les Montagnes Rocheuses*, an account of his adventures. His book was received with such enthusiasm that it was translated into English by William Conn as *Cow-Boys and Colonels*, a more apt title. This London edition of 1887 is now reprinted with a brief Introduction by Howard R. Lamar.

Todd Webb as a trail buff and a photographer retraces *The Gold Rush Trail and the Road to Oregon* —the latter being only a secondary consideration in his volume. It includes some one hundred of Webb's photographs, most of which illustrate markers, wagon tracks, present-day sites and scenes. Many are captioned with appropriate entries from overland journals, and the accompanying text is liberally sprinkled with quotations from accounts of trail travelers.

Dwight L. Smith, Miami University

Fur Trade and Mountain Man

■ MANUEL LISA AND THE OPENING OF THE MISSOURI FUR TRADE. **By Richard Edward Oglesby** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xii 246 pp. Illustrations, map, appendixes, bibliography, index. $5.00*).

■ FURS BY ASTOR. **By John Upton Terrell** (*New York, William Morrow, 1963. 490 pp. Maps, bibliographical note, index. $6.95*).

■ WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS: JAMES SINCLAIR AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY. **By D. Geneva Lent** (*Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1963. xiv + 334 pp. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. $6.75*).

■ THE JOURNALS OF WILLIAM FRASER TOLMIE: PHYSICIAN AND FUR TRADER. *Edited* **by R. G. Large** (*Vancouver, Canada, Mitchell Press, 1963. xv + 413 pp. Illustrations, appendixes, index. $9.75*).

■ EXPLORING THE GREAT BASIN. **By Gloria Griffen Cline.** *American Exploration and Travel Series* (*Norman, University of Oklahoma, 1963. xviii + 254 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $4.95*).

The literature of the trans-Mississippi West is rich in accounts of trappers and traders who were explorers, trail-blazers, and, above all, adventurers. Only recently, however, have we been getting studies about the entrepreneurs who initiated and developed the industry on an extended scale, who recruited scarce capital to supply it, and who planned and executed its field operations, logistics, and competitive strategy.

Richard E. Ogelsby's *Manuel Lisa* is such a study. From 1800 to his death in 1820, Lisa, merchant-trader,

was the driving force in several associations formed first to break the Chouteau family's hold on the trade of the Osages and then to institute the trade on the Upper Missouri. He was the prime mover and policy maker of the Missouri Fur Company, which established in six short years (1808–14) the pattern of the western trade. To him goes the credit for initiating the system, eventually adopted by the American Fur Company, which made it possible to operate successfully at remote distances from supply sources and among hostile natives: Permanent trading posts kept the Indians friendly; and roving trapping parties, working out from the posts, brought in the profits.

The author has combed the collections of the Missouri Historical Society to put together this important, documented story of the joint partnerships through which Lisa managed to keep alive a hazardous enterprise and to remain in charge of it. Oglesby has accomplished so much in this regard that one regrets that he has not explored more fully the admittedly scanty evidences of the relation of Lisa's first Missouri venture to his ambitions in the direction of Santa Fe.

John U. Terrell's *Furs by Astor* reflects the work of scholars whom he credits in a bibliography but not in specific and needed citations for statements that sometimes have a familiar ring. He has detailed the well-known but complicated Astor story into the chronological narrative which he finds lacking in Porter's exhaustive account of Astor's career upon which he has relied. He summarizes Astor's methods in words redundant in the trade: "invade, undersell, and destroy." Impelled to make a judgment upon his subject, he attributes to Astor's imperial design ambivalent significances: if diabolical in aspects, "so it was admirable" because it was the scheme of "an unqualified realist"; if piratical, "so it was commendable, so was it contributory to the national interest"; if selfish, "so it was more vital, more dynamic, more momentous" than any scheme originated and executed by any single individual in American history.

In *West of the Mountains*, D. Geneva Lent has drawn from archives and the best of published scholarship the story of James Sinclair (1805–56), petty free-trader and sometime employee of the Hudson's Bay Company at Red River. Especially interesting to students of the Far West are chapters on two little-known but important Red River migrations to the Cowlitz Valley which Sinclair led across the mountains.

The Journals of William Fraser Tolmie, judiciously edited but unfortunately poorly indexed and without notes, cover the early career (1832–42) of a physician who became a chief-trader and farm manager for the Hudson's Bay Company in the Pacific Northwest. His journals tell us the nature of his medical training at Glasgow and of his voyage from Scotland to the Northwest Coast. The journal for 1833–41 is a mine of details about the establishment of, and life at, forts Nisqually and McLoughlin. A fourth journal covers his journey across Canada, his return to England in 1841, and a "Paris Interlude" in 1842.

American and British fur interests play a large role in Gloria Griffen Cline's historio-geographic synthesis. *Exploring The Great Basin* is concerned with the development of a geographic conception, that is, of the Great Basin as an area of internal drainage. Hence it is not relevant to her subject to pursue exploration beyond that of John Frémont, who identified the area and named it. She has worked diligently with the cartographic history of the region. In her chapter, "The Lure of Fur," an examination of the American approach to the Great Basin before 1824 would have been more relevant than some of her exposition much further afield. But her researches in the Hudson's Bay Company archives have resulted in a fine analysis of Ogden's route on his 1828–29 Snake Country expedition, which, she holds, "may be considered the most significant exploratory group to enter the Basin."

Dorothy O. Johansen, Reed College

■ SCOTSMAN IN BUCKSKIN: SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND STEWART AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR TRADE. **By Mae Reed Porter** *and* **Odessa Davenport** *(New York, Hastings House, 1963. xi + 306 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

Altogether this is a fascinating book, an embodiment of the time-worn adage, "fact is stranger than fiction"; for William Drummond Stewart, say the authors, "was the most colorful and at the same time the most enigmatic man the Far West ever saw." He was one of the many "second sons" of British nobility shunted off, or else lured, to the American West. After notable mili-

tary experiences, including a distinguished part in the Battle of Waterloo, Captain Stewart came to America in 1832 on the half-pay of a retired officer and a dole from his older, titled brother.

Joining the fur trade caravan which left the Missouri frontier in 1833, he was soon immersed in a life that made him captive. After a brief greenhorn period he was accepted as one who had the "hair of the b'ar in him." For six successive summers (1833–38) he was at the rendezvous—that unique institution, the Rocky Mountains. He equaled the best of the "reckless breed," traversing the West from the Missouri to the Columbia. In 1837 he brought with him the fine artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, to record on canvas the dramatic, short-lived scene on the plains and mountains.

Called home by the death of his brother, he reluctantly assumed in 1839 his title and the management of his estate. He brought to Scotland buffalo grass, various shrubs, red birds, antelopes, buffaloes, and a grizzly bear to remind him of his adventures. He induced his hunter-companion Antoine Clement and two Indians to come to his estate in Scotland. Later he brought artist Miller there to transform western sketches into large oils to grace his castle walls.

In 1843 Sir William forsook his luxurious estate to throw one final, grand "hunting frolic" to the Rockies. Hosting a large party of invited guests, he superimposed European luxury on the primitive West. His splendrous crimson tent, floored with a Persian carpet, linen sheets spread over his buffalo-robe bed, a carved ivory toilette set, and an engraved silver whisky flask, were features of his extravaganza. Hunting, feasting, and horse racing were indulged to satiety at Stewart Lake (named for him) in Wyoming.

The book is enlivened by six pages of excellent illustrations, most of them from Miller's competent brush.

LeRoy R. Hafen, Brigham Young University

California

■ FROM NEW SPAIN BY SEA TO THE CALIFORNIAS, 1519–1668. By Maurice G. Holmes. *Spain in the West Series, IX (Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1963. 307 pp. Illustrations, map, appendix, bibliography, index. $11.00).*

This book analyzes the important early Spanish maritime explorations of the Californias. General Holmes offers some significant new information concerning the early career of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, presents an excellent discussion of Cortés' famous lieutenant, Pedro de Alvarado, and includes a detailed study of the virtually unknown expedition of Francisco de Lucenilla to the Gulf of California in 1668. The author has chosen 1668 as a terminal date because the Lucenilla voyage typified Spanish failures of the seventeenth century—the period when Spain had abandoned its projects involving Alta California.

As a result of his investigation of documentary sources and pertinent published works, Holmes has reached the conclusion that the original motivation toward Alta California was the lure of wealth; next, the need for a supply base to support the Manila Galleon on her return; and finally, the concomitant urge to Christianize the natives. The piratical incursions of English and Dutch freebooters into the Pacific and Spain's other international relations bore "so little influence upon her early projections toward Alta California" as not to be considered by Holmes germane to the framework of the book.

The voyage of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo is discussed at considerable length, and by the use of archival materials, new light is shed on this navigator's career. His relationship with the overall conquest is placed in proper perspective. In discussing the voyage of Sebastián Vizcaíno, Holmes is rightly critical of Vizcaíno's several blunders, but seems to be as hostile toward this mariner as he is sympathetic toward Rodríguez Cabrillo.

In the final chapters a good survey is given of Spanish navigational efforts in the Pacific during the sixteenth century. The contributions of Andrés Urdañeta, Francisco de Gali, Pedro de Unamuno, and Rodríguez Cermeño are clarified, and a discussion of Drake's California voyage is also presented. Holmes concludes with an analysis of why Spanish expeditions to Alta California were abandoned after 1603, and with an investigation of the background, nature, and characteristics of the Lucenilla failure of 1668.

Although the book exhibits some lack of continuity

and is perhaps unbalanced in emphasis, the author's style is pleasing and denotes Holmes's training as a military man. Because of the topic under discussion, the work is a must for students of Spanish California history. Undoubtedly the major contribution of this volume will be the creation of much new interest in the field of Spanish maritime exploration in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The fine printing and the inclusion of some excellent charts and illustrations reflect the quality craftmanship of the publisher.

Iris Higbie Wilson, Long Beach City College

■ CALIFORNIA: LAND OF PROMISE. **By David W. Lantis,** *in collaboration with* **Rodney Steiner** *and* **Arthur E. Karinen** *(Belmont, California, Wadsworth Publishing Company, 1963. xvii + 509 pp. Illustrations, maps, tables, appendixes, bibliography, index. $11.25).*

■ POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT IN CALIFORNIA. **By Bernard L. Hyink, Seyom Brown,** *and* **Ernest W. Thacker** *(3rd. ed., New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1963. xiii + 287 pp. Illustrations, maps, charts, appendix, index. $2.75 Paper).*

■ SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA METROPOLIS: A STUDY IN DEVELOPMENT OF GOVERNMENT FOR A METROPOLITAN AREA. **By Winston W. Crouch** *and* **Beatrice Dinerman** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1963. xi + 443 pp. Tables, appendixes, bibliography, index. $7.50).*

■ A HISTORY OF THE LOS ANGELES LABOR MOVEMENT, 1911–1941. **By Louis B. Perry** *and* **Richard S. Perry.** *Publications of the Institute of Industrial Relations, University of California (Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1963. xvi + 622 pp. Tables, notes, bibliography, index. $10.50).*

It is a pleasure to open this survey of new books about California with praise for a superb effort. In the combined work by Lantis, Steiner, and Karinen, California has found the authors of its finest geography to date. Readable, informative, and attractively presented, the book chronicles man's involvement with the land and with its resources. The volume is not, however, confined to a study of land forms and economic geography but also treats the social effects of man's adaptation to California's rich soil, including agriculture, transportation, commerce, and urbanization, as well as production, distribution and consumption of a myriad of products. The book is the felicitous work of professionals.

Hyink, Brown, and Thacker's volume is probably the best analysis of California government and politics in existence. Facing strong competition from similar volumes by Robert A. Walker, Floyd A. Cave, Winston W. Crouch, Dean E. McHenry, Henry A. Turner, John A. Vieg, and others, the authors have met the challenge by producing an even better product. This book is superior in its integration, a vital necessity, as it is designed for college classroom use. It does more than describe the formal framework of California's institutions and political structure; it emphasizes the realities of the governmental life of the state, with attention to some of the pressing problems faced by its people.

Southern California, the focus of the state's major growth over the past several decades, is the subject of two relatively similar new books—Crouch and Dinerman's volume on government, and Perry and Perry's concerning labor. The former work examines the processes by which organized groups have sought to reach decisions on area-wide political development with all its attendant legal complexities. It is a book that points up the dangers of unchecked urban growth. *A History of the Los Angeles Labor Movement* is more specific. It covers a period of thirty years during which the "open shop" reigned in the City of the Angels. Local opposition to labor organization following the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* remained excessively strong throughout the period. Exploiting this theme in a detailed and precise fashion, this book will interest the specialist in labor matters.

Andrew F. Rolle, Occidental College

■ THE FIRST LOS ANGELES CITY AND COUNTY DIRECTORY, 1872. *Reproduced in Facsimile with an Introduction* **by Ward Ritchie** *and Early Commentaries* **by J. M. Guinn.** *Limited edition of 1000 copies (Los*

Angeles, Ward Ritchie Press, 1963. 131 pp. Illustrations. $17.50).

It is difficult to imagine that there were only 10,000 people living in Los Angeles in 1872. This beautifully made reproduction of the excessively rare first directory also contains the first printed history of the city and county of Los Angeles, and lists many of the residents. Fifty-four pages of advertisements constitute a museum of Los Angeles business firms of the 1870's.

Southwest

■ THE FRONTIER OF NORTHWEST TEXAS, 1846 TO 1876: ADVANCE AND DEFENSE BY THE PIONEER SETTLERS OF THE CROSS TIMBERS AND PRAIRIES. By **Rupert Norval Richardson.** *Frontier Military Series, V (Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1963. 332 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $12.00*).

Doubtless no man is better qualified to write the pioneer history of the Cross Timbers and prairies region of West Texas than Professor Richardson. Indeed, he has lived all of his life in the area about which he has written so much. The region represents a land area of more than twenty thousand square miles of rugged and often bleak landscape. It includes the present cities of Sherman, Dallas, and Waco on the eastern fringe, and Abilene and Wichita Falls on the western. Today some 1,750,000 people occupy this rectangular area below Red River; less than a century ago the federal government unsuccessfully tried to "give" it to the Indians.

White settlers began moving into West Texas a decade and a half before the Civil War. Hostile Indians surrounded it on all sides, and for a full generation the struggle between the two races rarely subsided. Defense was the foremost business of the country, and much of the history of the region centers on the chain of military forts that attempted to hold that defense together.

This study, however, is more than a history of these far-flung military posts. It also touches upon the everyday experiences of the soldiers, Indians, and the pioneers —the direct forbears of many twentieth century West Texans.

W. Eugene Hollon, University of Oklahoma

■ NAVAHO TRADING DAYS. By **Elizabeth Compton Hegemann.** *With photographs by the author (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1963. xi + 388 pp. $7.50*).

■ EARLY NAVAJO MIGRATIONS AND ACCULTURATION IN THE SOUTHWEST. By **James J. Hester.** *Museum of New Mexico Papers in Anthropology, No. 6 (Santa Fe, Museum of New Mexico Press, 1963. x + 138 pp. Illustrations, bibliography. $2.00 Paper*).

Navaho Trading Days is a narrative of the personal experiences of a very perceptive woman during her years of residence (1925–39) at Grand Canyon and on the Navajo Reservation, where she and her husband operated the remote trading post at Shonto. This period on the reservation witnessed important changes in Navajo life as administrative controls were increased. The book is a pictorial document; in addition to 160 pages of text, there are 318 of Mrs. Hegemann's photographs reflecting the author's deep interest in the Indians and their dramatic land. The delightful and accurate water colors and drawings done by Don Perceval in *A Navajo Sketch Book* with a descriptive text by Clay Lockett (Flagstaff, Arizona, Northland Press, 1962) portray the Navajo for about the same time—the pre-pickup truck era. The Hester book is an important and basic synthesis based on the data of archaeology, history, and ethnology.

■ THE POLITICS OF WATER IN ARIZONA. By **Dean E. Mann** (*Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1963. xiv + 317 pp. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. $6.50*).

An analysis of the complex economic, political, and international forces that have affected water policy and management. The book also scrutinizes essential fac-

tors that will have to be considered in ultimate water-management planning. This detailed study—there are fifty-two pages of notes and bibliography—ought to be of interest to anyone living in the semi-arid Southwest.

■ THE A. B. GRAY REPORT: SURVEY OF A ROUTE ON THE 32ND PARALLEL FOR THE TEXAS WESTERN RAILROAD, 1854, AND INCLUDING THE REMINISCENCES OF PETER R. BRADY WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION. *Edited with an Introduction and Notes* by **L. R. Bailey.** *Great West and Indian Series, XXIV. Western Survey Series, II (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1963. xix + 240 pp. Portrait, illustrations, end-paper maps, bibliographical notes, index. $7.95).*

Gray's engineering report of the survey from Texas to California, first published in 1856, is enlivened by the reminiscences of Brady, who served as scout and guide to the survey.

■ TREASURE OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS: TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE SPANISH SOUTHWEST. **By Arthur L. Campa.** *Paintings by Joe Beeler (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xv + 223 pp. Illustrations, map, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

This is a book of folk tales and legends about Spanish and Anglo lost mines and treasure in Arizona, New Mexico, and West Texas. Included also are the case of the repentant nun, the story of the hermit of Las Vegas, and others.

■ THE SAN CARLOS INDIAN CATTLE INDUSTRY. **By Harry T. Getty.** *Anthropological Papers of the University of Arizona, No. 7 (Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1963. 87 pp. Illustrations, maps, tables, bibliography. $3.25 Paper).*

The origin, development, and status of this Apache enterprise.

Indians

■ THE CHEROKEES. **By Grace Steele Woodward.** *Civilization of the American Indian Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xv + 359 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $5.95).*

■ THE KICKAPOOS: LORDS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. **By A. M. Gibson.** *Civilization of the American Indian Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. xv + 391 pp. Illustrations, map, bibliography, index. $6.95).*

The distinguished series of tribal histories produced over the past three decades by the University of Oklahoma Press now numbers at least seventy volumes. In sum, although the parts vary greatly in quality, they represent a remarkable and invaluable contribution to a vital area of western American history.

Of the two tribes here treated, the Cherokees played the larger and more significant role on the national stage. For this reason their history has been thoroughly and ably chronicled in the past. The first ten chapters of Grace Woodward's volume retell the eventful story of the tribe in colonial and national times, while the last five, beginning after the tragic removal from Carolina to Indian Territory, recount the struggle to achieve tribal harmony and political, social, and economic adjustment to the new conditions thrust upon them.

The Kickapoos have not been as well known, although few tribes boast so diverse and colorful a past. A. M. Gibson's history, spanning three centuries and half a continent, at last rescues the Kickapoos from obscurity and points up their significance in the pattern of relations with the white man and with other tribes. It is a welcome addition to the literature of the American Indian.

Robert M. Utley,
National Park Service, Santa Fe

■ THE MOVEMENT FOR INDIAN ASSIMILATION, 1860–1890. **By Henry E. Fritz** *(Philadelphia,*

University of Pennsylvania Press, 1963. 244 pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. $6.00).

From the moment the first European set foot in the New World he wanted to change the way of living of the native inhabitants. For the past 470 years Europeans and Americans have relentlessly pursued this assumed mission—the solving of the so-called Indian problem, or the alleviation of the "white man's burden" as someone has expressed it. To be sure, many different approaches of changing the Indian have been tried, from making friends with him, to remolding him into a familiar pattern, or totally destroying him.

About one hundred sixty years ago, Thomas Jefferson observed that "the ultimate point of rest and happiness for them [Indians] is to let our settlements and theirs meet and blend together to intermix and become one people." This goal is still quite remote today. It is indeed amazing that the Indian has so long endured abuse and resisted attempts to change him from a red man to a white man in a total way. Today he still has retained his native cultural identity to a remarkable degree, and a resurgence in tribal pride and appreciation of native cultural values is in the making.

The Movement for Indian Assimilation deals with the most critical period—a show-down time—in the relationship between the Indian and the American white man. Dr. Henry E. Fritz has ably provided us with a vivid playback of the drama of the time, depicting the actions of the principal characters, the reactions of foes and friends of the principals, and the desperate maneuvers of government officialdom as referee in this struggle. In a direct and easy manner, the author has revealed a part of the picture often overlooked in the standard study of the Indian problem story—the hidden but ever present and basic motive of the white man to seize what belonged to the Indian—his fur-bearing animals, his buffalo, and his gold and silver. During this critical period the western settler wanted his land; the politicians and unscrupulous men around them wanted the spoils of reservation administration; the military wanted his scalp; and even church denominations fought over his soul! For the student of Indian history interested in this struggle, the book is highly recommended.

Joe Medicine Crow, Lodge Grass, Montana

■ PRIMITIVE PRAGMATISTS: THE MODOC INDIANS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. **By Verne F. Ray** (*Seattle, University of Washington Press for The American Ethnological Society, 1963. xv + 237 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendixes, bibliography, index. $5.00*).

Based wholly upon original field research, this is an ethnographic account of a way of life as it was remembered by native informants. Living at the crossroads of four culture areas—California, the Great Basin, the Plateau, and the Northwest Coast—the Modocs retained a remarkable cultural independence.

■ INDIANS AS THE WESTERNERS SAW THEM. **By Ralph W. Andrews** (*Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1963. 176 pp. Illustrations, index. $12.50*).

A well-chosen sampling of Indian photographs, many heretofore unpublished, by famous and obscure western photographers, accompanied by contemporary descriptions of Indians.

■ A SCHOOLMASTER WITH THE BLACKFEET INDIANS. **By Douglas Gold** (*Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers, 1963. 287 pp. $5.00*).

The author taught school on Montana's Blackfeet Reservation from 1914 to 1934. His stories and sketches of reservation life, based on notes jotted down at the time, offer an insight into the adaptation of the Blackfeet to the white man's world.

Mormons

■ THE CITY OF THE SAINTS: AND ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO CALIFORNIA. **By Richard F. Burton.** *Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Fawn M. Brodie* (*New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1963. xlvi + 654 + xxii pp. Illustrations, appendixes, index. $8.50*).

Of all the early travel accounts of Utah, there is prob-

ably none by a more traveled traveler than Richard F. Burton. Before he ever reached Utah, Burton had seen military duty in Asia, journeyed extensively in the Near East and Mediterranean world, and carried out exhaustive explorations in Africa.

Thus, it was through the experienced eyes of a world explorer that Utah and the Mormons were viewed in 1860. His extensive personal knowledge of many lands and his linguistic facility led to most interesting comparisons of geographical phenomena, flora, fauna, and cultural patterns. However, the reader may be frequently confused when faced with an expression in Arabic, Greek, or Hindi.

Burton's descriptions of the discomforts of overland travel in 1860-America are some of the best ever recorded. The one depicting the facilities and fare offered the traveler at Cold Springs, Kansas, is worth quoting:

> Squalor and misery were imprinted upon the wretched log-hut, which ignored the duster and the broom, and myriads of flies disputed with us a dinner consisting of doughnuts, green and poisonous with saleratus, suspicious eggs in a massive greasy fritter, and rusty bacon, intolerably fat. It was our first sight of squatter life, and, except in two cases, it was our worst. We could not grudge 50 cents a head to these unhappies; at the same time we thought it a dear price to pay—the sequel disabused us—for flies and bad bread, worse eggs and bacon.

However, Burton could also become lyrical, as when he described his first view of Great Salt Lake Valley:

> The hour was about 6 P.M., the atmosphere was touched with a dreamy haze,—as it generally is in the vicinity of the lake—a little bank of rose-coloured clouds, edged with flames of purple and gold, floated in the upper air, whilst the mellow radiance of an American autumn, that bright interlude between the extremes of heat and cold, diffused its mild soft lustre over the face of earth.

His observations and assessments of the polygamous Mormon culture he came to see are some of the shrewdest and most objective of any early visitor to Utah. His critics accuse him of being "taken in" by his Mormon hosts because he wrote in a rather favorable vein. However, where he feels criticism is warranted, Burton is capable of caustic comment. A case in point is his evaluation of the *Book of Mormon*.

Fawn M. Brodie has written an outstanding Introduction to the character of Sir Richard Burton. And since the early editions (1861, 1862) have become collectors' items, Burton's book can now be purchased at a price within the reach of most of us. Alfred Knopf, who has done his usual fine job of bookmaking and designing, is to be congratulated for his project of reprinting "Classic Commentaries of America's Past."

Everett L. Cooley, Utah State Historical Society

Historic Sites

■ SOLDIER AND BRAVE: INDIAN AND MILITARY AFFAIRS IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST, INCLUDING A GUIDE TO HISTORIC SITES AND LANDMARKS. *Prepared* by the National Park Service. *Introduction by Ray Allen Billington. National Survey of Historic Sites and Buildings, XII (New York, Harper & Row, 1963. xviii + 279 pp. Illustrations, maps and plans, notes, index. $6.50).*

With the increasing rapidity modern civilization is obliterating the traces of man's former activities in the Far West. This is particularly true of the Indian wars. Perhaps fewer physical records on the ground remain of this significant era in American history than any other. In fact, unless we act to preserve such relics that do exist, the past dramatic relations between white men and red may eventually be interpreted solely by the printed page and the synthetic unreality of TV Westerns.

Although *Soldier and Brave* is Volume XII of the National Survey of Historic Sites and Buildings, it is the first one to be published. This is a project of the National Park Service, whose purposes are to record and evaluate historic and archaeological landmarks and to encourage their preservation. Written by competent Park Service specialists and others, the book contains a condensed history of Indian-white relationships in the Far West. This is followed by a descriptive list of Indian-connected historic sites in eighteen states; included are military forts, trading posts, missions, schools, battle fields, and reservations. Information about locations, dates, present condition and ownership is given; there are many photographs, maps, and plans.

Weldon F. Heald, Tucson

Walter Murray Gibson *continued*

bribes totaling $151,000 for the Hawaiian opium monopoly. At the same time the sixty-four-year-old Gibson was being sued by an attractive widow of twenty-eight for breach of promise, and she won a judgment of $10,000.

A mob took Gibson and his son-in-law to a warehouse and knotted nooses around their necks. In the very nick of time the British consul arrived and saved them from lynching on the technicality that Gibson was a British subject, by threatening to unleash the guns of a British gunboat in the harbor. Thus Gibson for the second time in his life escaped execution. He was allowed to leave the islands, and died in a San Francisco hospital a few months later on January 21, 1888.

His career is curiously parallel to that of Sam Brannan who parlayed tithe theft into a position as the richest and most powerful man in California but who died a pauper as another Mormon official, Parley Pratt, had predicted. Like Brannan, Gibson lacked personal integrity. Like Brannan, he attained great wealth through stealing church funds, became drunk on power, and pulled the world down atop his head by his insatiable personal vanity.

It might be said that here the parallel ends, for Gibson died rich in a hospital bed rather than broke in a hovel. However, Gibson died in futility—empty, defeated, deposed, exposed. If he had had any genuine feeling for an independent Hawaiian kingdom, as he professed, he died knowing that his own actions had brought about its downfall. His only monument would be a reputation as a great rascal. Certainly there is no deeper, colder, or more lonely gutter in which to die.

Cowboys, Indians, Outlaws *continued*

my view, the cowboy is an antihero to the successful law-abiding citizen, projected back into an eternalized moment of the past so that his essentially subversive message cannot seriously challenge our accepted values. I am not prepared to fully substantiate this thesis, and I would certainly call the reader's attention to the fact that there are many other interpretations of the cultural significance of the western myth. Above all, it should be noted that a popular form of this sort like any other significant aspect of a culture cannot ultimately be understood in terms of simple formulas of the kind I have just given but must be studied in relationship to the whole complex of the culture and its development.

In the twentieth century the dime-novel tradition continued to develop in pulps and pocketbooks, while the more sophisticated tradition of Owen Wister went through such writers as Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright into the present day. The movies and television have, of course, had a considerable influence on the form and have brought it to even wider audiences than before. On the whole, however, the movies seem to have depended to a surprising extent on the established tradition. The action-filled Western and the spectacle of the Wild West Show produced in Hollywood the Class B Western adventure film. The more sophisticated "middle-brow" novels of Wister, Grey, Wright and their successors have been the dominant material of the more pretentious Hollywood epics. Television too has depended to a considerable extent on existing materials, but in a few cases such programs as "Gunsmoke" and "Have Gun, Will Travel"—the so-called adult Westerns—television has found a formula of its own. The extent to which these television Westerns constitute a departure from the basic tradition of the myth comparable to the evolution of the cowboy hero after the Civil War is debatable, but the sophisticated treatment of stock Western themes has always been a part of the tradition. For all its importance as cultural myth, one should never forget that one basic reason why the Western has survived and prospered is that, for all its tendency to slip into stock formulas and stereotype situations, it has always been varied and flexible enough to engage, from time to time, the efforts of major creative imaginations. Before one becomes too impressed by the sophisticated treatment of western themes in "Gunsmoke," one should turn to Stephen Crane's magnificent burlesque, "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," which lovingly but devastatingly anatomized the modern Western almost before it had come into being. At the climax of that story, Jack Potter, the marshal of Yellow Sky, returning from San Antonio with his new bride, suddenly confronts the enraged gunfighter Scratchy Wilson—and introduces his wife. The final passage of Crane's story is the ultimate version of the adult

Western, for it not only sums up the myth of the West but finishes it off on the spot:

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time, he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm, with the revolver, dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes; this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

The Western: A Selected Bibliography

I—THE WESTERN AND POPULAR CULTURE

As the analyst of a popular genre and myth, the student of the Western must sooner or later face the general problem of the nature and historical significance of modern popular culture and the appropriate methodology for its investigation and interpretation. Three samples of work in this area are:

1. **Rosenberg and White,** *Mass Culture.* (An anthology representing the wide spectrum of theories, research and emotions on the subject of popular culture, though it contains little specific discussion of the Western.)

2. **Leo Lowenthal,** *Literature, Popular Culture, and Society.* (A collection of essays by the most distinguished sociologically-oriented student of the subject.)

3. **J. Cawelti,** "Prolegomena to the Western," *Studies in Public Communication,* No. 4 (Autumn 1962), 57–70. (Short article discussing various approaches to the analysis of the Western.)

II—ANALYSES OF THE WESTERN MYTH: FOUR DIFFERENT APPROACHES

1. **Henry Nash Smith,** *Virgin Land.* (A classic. Smith places the Western myth in the historical context of the ideas of Manifest Destiny and agrarianism and traces its influence in many areas of American culture. An indispensable point of departure for students of the Western.)

2. **Peter Homans,** "Puritanism Revisited: An Analysis of the Contemporary Screen-Image Western," Studies in Public Communication, No. 3 (Summer 1961), 73–84. (Homans attributes the salient characteristics of the Western story to the continuing influence of the Puritan ethos in America. A version of this article was reprinted with illustrations in Look.)

3. **Robert Warshow,** "The Gunfighter as Moral Hero," originally published in *Partisan Review* and reprinted in *The Immediate Experience.* (Full of brilliant insights into the Western story Warshow defends the Western as an art form with "a serious orientation to the problem of violence such as can be found almost nowhere else in our culture.")

4. **Harry Schein,** "The Olympian Cowboy," *The American Scholar,* XXIV, No. 3 (Summer 1955), 309–20. (A fairly representative European interpretation of the Western, by a Swedish film critic. Tends to overwork in a rather simple-minded way the Freudian implications—e.g. the phallic symbolism of the cowboy's pistol—and analogies with traditional myths.)

III—SPECIALIZED STUDIES OF WESTERN MEDIA, FORMS, AND CREATORS

A. Ned Buntline and Buffalo Bill

1. **Sell and Weybright,** *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West.* (Lavishly illustrated biography of Buffalo Bill. Does a good job in straightening out legend and fact. Not as sophisticated in analyzing Cody as a cultural hero as one might wish.)

2. **Richard Walsh,** *The Making of Buffalo Bill: A Study in Heroics* (As the title implies, an analysis of the development of the Buffalo Bill persona from a critical point of view.)

3. **Jay Monaghan,** *The Great Rascal.* (A good biography of the dime-novelist E. Z. C. Judson—Ned Buntline—whose career was in its way as colorful as that of the cowboy heroes he helped to discover and exploit.)

B. The Evolution of the Western Hero

1. **Dixon Wecter,** *The Hero in America.* (Though published in 1941, this book is still the best one on its topic, which could use another historian with Wecter's breadth, learning and charm. Two good chapters on the Western hero, "Winning of the Frontier: Boone, Crockett, and Johnny Appleseed" and "The Dime Novel and Buffalo Bill.")

C. The Dime Novel and other Pulps

1. **Edmund Pearson,** *Dime Novels.* (An early, impressionistic discussion.)

2. **Albert Johannsen,** *The House of Beadle and Adams* (Gigantic catalogue of books, authors, practices and history of one of the leading firms. Useful for reference; not particularly valuable as cultural or literary analysis.)

3. **Quentin Reynolds,** *The Fiction Factory.* (History of the great pulp firm of Street and Smith, with some information about their publication of Westerns.)

4. **Mary Noel,** *Villains Galore.* (Perhaps the best study of nineteenth-century popular publishing available, the book discusses the *Weekly Storypaper,* one of the major popular publishing media of the period. Considerable information about the publication of Westerns.)

D. The Movies

1. **Fenin and Everson,** *The Western.* (Recently published, this lavish book is the only major work on the Western movie. It is as long on facts about the production of Western movies as it is short on analysis of their cultural significance. Should be an indispensable reference guide for some time to come. It also takes an interesting and refreshing point of view toward the problem of artistic evaluation of the movie Western, frequently judging the less pretentious B's to be more artful than the overelaborate and boring Class A "epics.")

E. The Tradition of Western Humor

1. **Walter Blair,** *Native American Humor.* (An anthology with an excellent introductory essay discussing the work of the leading Western humorists.)

2. **Constance Rourke,** *American Humor.* (Contains an extremely illuminating discussion of the tall-tale tradition of Western humor.)

IV—SOME SELECTED WESTERN "CLASSICS" AND AUTHORS

1. **Mary Rowlandson,** *The Sovereignty & Goodness of God Together . . . : Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson* (1682).

2. **John Filson,** *Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke* (1784). (Contains the first narrative of Daniel Boone.)

3. **Timothy Flint,** *Biographical Memoir of Daniel Boone* (1833). (The legend in full swing; a highly romanticized account of Boone's life, obviously inspired by European literary and philosophical fashion.)

4. **James Fenimore Cooper,** "The Leatherstocking Series," *The Pioneers* (1823); *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826); *The Prairie* (1827); *The Pathfinder* (1840); *The Deerslayer* (1841). (The classic treatment of the legendary West.)

5. **J. J. Hooper,** *Some Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs* (1845).

Davy Crockett, *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett* (1834).

Mark Twain, *Roughing It* (1872).

———, "James Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses." (Four classics of the Western humorous, satirical and tall-tale tradition.)

6. **Ned Buntline,** "Buffalo Bill: The King of Border Men—The Wildest and Truest Story I Ever Wrote." A serial in Street and Smith's *New York Weekly* (1869–70). (The first appearance in pulp literature of the great Wild West hero.)

7. **Owen Wister,** *The Virginian* (1902). (The fountainhead of the modern Western, this book was not only widely read but became the basis of several Western movies, and recently has given its title and a few of its main characters to a television program, which, however, has almost no connection in plot with the original novel. In fact, the leading villain has become one of the heroes in the TV version.)

8. **Harold Bell Wright.** (The bard of the Ozarks translated his enormously successful Shepherd of the Hills formula—the frustrated urban preacher who finds salvation and peace among the simple but heroic people of the Ozarks—into Western terms with his story of the dude who tested his manliness by living up to the Code of the West—*When a Man's a Man.*)

9. **Zane Grey.** (One of the most popular Western authors of the '20's and '30's, Grey's many volumes such as *The Vanishing American* and *Riders of the Purple Sage* combined adventure, sentimental Christianity and a windy nature mysticism into a highly successful formula. Endless purple descriptions of purple sage make Grey tough going for many present-day readers.)

10. **Frederick Faust** (Better known by his *nom de plume,* Max Brand, which was only one among many.) (A writer whose prodigious feats of composition were as epic as his stories. Frank Gruber, a fellow writer of popular Westerns, estimates that when Faust died at fifty-one he had published a record of forty-five million words.)

11. **Ernest Haycox.** (Considered by many the best writer of straight Westerns since Wister. Many of Haycox's stories were made into films. His "Stage to Lordsburg" was the basis of the famous movie Western *Stagecoach,* directed by John Ford.)

Steinbeck's Image of the West *continued*

than returning to the collective ideology of *In Dubious Battle* or *The Grapes of Wrath.*

Changing times and circumstances have led Steinbeck to alter some of his thinking about solutions to problems besetting society. Most of the problems the author has approached in his fiction are found in these novels with western settings. In treating the various historical factors shaping and influencing western society, Steinbeck has created a perceptible image of the West. That this image has in some important ways shifted from the earlier novels to the later can be no surprise. Not only has Steinbeck's outlook changed as conditions warranted, but time has transformed in significant ways the very nature of the West itself, as the passing of the frontier has so noticeably demonstrated.

[1] As in answer to Steinbeck's challenge, James Flink, a member of the history department of San Francisco State College, is writing a doctoral dissertation at the University of Pennsylvania on the *Social Impact of the Automobile.*

[2] This story is sometimes published as the fourth and final section of *The Red Pony* (New York, Viking Press, 1938).

[3] Among Steinbeck's American novels, *East of Eden* is the first to take an unequivocal position against collectivism. Yet as early as 1942 in *The Moon is Down,* he contrasts the benefits of free men under democracy with the "herdmen" represented by the "totally organized" Nazis. Steinbeck reiterates his severe criticism of collectivism in *A Russian Journal.*

The editions of Steinbeck's novels referred to in this article are as follows: *The Pastures of Heaven* (Cleveland, World Publishing Company, 1932). *In Dubious Battle* (New York, P. F. Collier and Son, 1936). *The Long Valley* (Cleveland, World Publishing Company, 1938). *The Grapes of Wrath* (Cleveland, World Publishing Company, 1939). *Short Novels of John Steinbeck* (New York, Viking Press, 1945)—Page numbers of quotations from *Of Mice and Men* (1937), *Tortilla Flat* (1935), and *Cannery Row* (1945) are taken from this edition. *The Wayward Bus* (New York, Viking Press, 1947). *East of Eden* (New York, Viking Press, 1952). *Sweet Thursday* (New York, Viking Press, 1954).

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